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...TTERS

...a good Texan

...desquite, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: How about a word of praise for Sen. Ralph Yarborough of Texas? No Senator has needed more courage to speak out against the Vietnamese War, war profiteers and the ABM system than a Senator from the belligerent state of Texas. . . .

Mrs. Lee Dresh

doctors' quarrel

Morgantown, W. Va.

DEAR SIRS: *The Nation*, which always has opposed journalistic medical quackery in other publications, abandoned its high standards in the medical sections of the article, "The Black Lung Rebellion" by Robert G. Sherrill [Apr. 28]. . . . First, Dr. Buff's estimate of the amount of money that ALFORD has received from the federal government is a trifle exaggerated—a mere 300 per cent or so. Secondly, ALFORD's activities are not limited to examining miners with coal workers' pneumoconiosis as your article would seem to imply; there are numerous other investigations taking place in a variety of disciplines, viz., biochemistry, pathology and epidemiology. . . .

Neither of us, despite the statement in your article, has ever maintained that cigarette smoking plays any role in the development of coal workers' pneumoconiosis. You will observe we have both deliberately avoided the use of the unscientific term "black lung," since this is a catch phrase which can, and is, applied to any miner who becomes short of breath whatever the cause. . . . It is frequently impossible to establish a direct cause-and-effect relationship between occupation and the presence of symptoms. Moreover, we both accept the fact that coal workers' pneumoconiosis can and does cause disability. We are also in favor of the proposed legislation currently before Congress to control dust levels in the American coal mines, and we are partial to neither the coal companies nor the unions, but only to the plain scientific truth.

Mr. Sherrill's medical analysis hinges on a clash between the West Virginia University Medical Center and the Physicians' Committee for Miners' Health and Safety. The following excerpt from a letter written by Dr. Hawey Wells, Jr., one of the three members of the committee, during the peak of the black lung rebellion, shatters Mr. Sherrill's theory:

> Your objective analysis on Coal Workers' Pneumoconiosis released Saturday was an important step in alerting the people of West Virginia and its legislators to the grave dangers of occupational hazards in the state's coal industry.
>
> The committee of Physicians for Miners' Health and Safety welcomes your assistance in the campaign to modernize legislation, update research and educate West Virginia physicians in the newer diagnostic techniques for disability evaluation.

Charles E. Andrews, M.D.
Provost for Health Sciences, West Virginia University
W. Keith C. Morgan, M.D.
Chief, Medical Research Section, ALFORD

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: Dr. Morgan is notorious for calling anybody a quack who disagrees with him, so his name-calling means nothing. To take the other matters in order of importance:

(*1*) Perhaps I was too kind when I said that at ALFORD's sluggish pace it would take five years to reach a conclusion on the causes of black lung. Ralph Nader, making the same point that I was making (that ALFORD

(*Continued on page 732*)

EDITORIALS

'Systemic Fascism'

In a recent lecture at London's Chatham House, Ralf Dahrendorf, who wrote *Society and Democracy in Germany* and now teaches at the new University of Konstanz, made a useful distinction between historical fascism—a quasi-charismatic leadership using an archaic racial and nationalist ideology to replace the slow machinery of bureaucratic democracy with totalitarian controls—and what he calls "systemic fascism." In his view, "systemic fascism describes a state of social and political affairs in which the individual is economically well off, has a safe job, is provided for by the state in case of need, even has the right to move about (although not to stage a protest demonstration), to read different newspapers, and vote for different parties—and yet is not free in the sense of having a realistic chance to influence the course of events." Such a system, Dahrendorf adds, "may at any point tighten further and restrict even the passive rights mentioned; but its main characteristic is that it keeps the individual in a state of inactivity, apart from his contribution to economic growth, rationalization and productivity. There are times when I can visualize the beginning of a new Middle Ages of slavery in affluence."

This is the kind of fascism that Dahrendorf now fears in Germany, but the same system, using the same controls, is throttling democratic political processes throughout Western Europe and here as well. At a recent symposium in New York, Hannah Arendt pointed out that this country is deep in malaise and neither the government nor the people believe that they have the power to do anything about it. "I feel," she said, "that we're living in a fairy tale. The country seems to have fallen under a spell and nothing seems to work any more."

The "spell" exists because in the immediate past "systemic fascism" has functioned with a minimum of friction. But two currents of unrest are imposing new and mounting strains on the system. Part of the affluent sector —young activists for the most part—bored with consumership and political passivity, now assails the Establishment at every turn and insists that it deliver on its promises to those still excluded from the closed society. At the same time, those excluded have become highly restive and demand admission here and now, en masse. Both groups have learned how to use disruptive actions of one kind or another to force attention to their protests, and one confrontation after another is being staged with the various power centers. The "spell," in other words, is beginning to dissipate as new and ugly realities emerge.

"The danger for modern societies," to quote Dahrendorf again, "is not that they are overthrown by Left revolutionaries; carrying a Vietcong flag through the streets of Frankfurt does not create a revolutionary situation. The danger is that the movement may be used as a further pretext by those who in any case have a vested interest in closing the 'system' of a bureaucratized society even more against citizens to whom participation has been promised."

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Since the confrontations tend to spread and to escalate, further use is made of the police and the military to reimpose control. This in turn arouses further protests and broadens the base of opposition. At some point, if the process is not arrested and reversed, "systemic fascism" may well turn into the real thing. The warning signs multiply but the danger is not clearly sensed because to most people "fascism" is a half-forgotten nightmare from a past long gone. A first step, therefore, toward correcting the malaise which afflicts the democratic process in the so-called welfare states is to give it a name, to identify it. Not surprisingly a German has named it, but "systemic fascism" is not a peculiarly German phenomenon—as reports from Madison, Berkeley, and other "fronts" clearly indicate.

Those Little Wars

Hannah Arendt's reference to "spells" points to the fact that there is often a hallucinatory quality about current events. The TV shots of the rioting and police action during the Chicago convention might have been a movie on the gigantic De Mille scale; one knew it was real, and yet it seemed that it must be make-believe. But with repetition, both before Chicago and since, it is becoming clear that the country is entering an era without precedent, an era in which war on a large scale abroad is reflected in successive wars on a small scale (small so far) at home. The preparations, the action and the terminology are military; only the setting is civilian.

An all-white jury in Mason, Mich., where Malcolm X once lived, is hearing a case growing out of the 1967 Detroit riots, the subject of John Hersey's best seller, *The Algiers Motel Incident*. Hearing a few shots fired from a blank cartridge pistol, police, National Guardsmen and Army Reserve units converged on the motel, where ten young blacks and two white prostitutes were passing the time until the disorder ended and they could leave. Three unarmed Negro youths, aged 17, 18 and 19, were killed by gunfire.

The defense in the case is arguing that normal police restraint had been superseded by battlefield tactics (the lawyer for the police has been referring to the action as "full-scale war"). In fact, the police behaved as South Vietnamese government troops are accustomed to do in dealing with captured Vietcong who refuse to talk—shoot them in cold blood. But these teen-age Negroes knew nothing, were inoffensive and, in theory at least, were as much American citizens as the police and military who attacked them.

Similar incidents could be cited in rapidly growing numbers, most of them involving rebellious students at Negro colleges and Southern local and state police and National Guardsmen who, significantly, are being mobilized more and more as a matter of course to cope with campus disorders.

But the most revealing small war is the recent outbreak at Berkeley, the end of which is not yet in sight. The trouble began with the occupation of a three-acre lot owned by the university; students and townspeople con-

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verted it into a "People's Park," which all agree was a pleasant, aesthetic retreat. The police evicted the park people and a confrontation ensued, followed by stone throwing, which brought out the Alameda County sheriff's deputies, police from surrounding areas, and finally 2,260 troops of the National Guard.

Berkeley became an occupied city. The local civilian government was superseded under Governor Reagan's emergency decree. Sheriff Frank I. Madigan was referred to by the occupying forces as the "field commander." In the course of ten days, there were 150 injuries, one death and nearly 900 arrests. According to Peter Barnes of *Newsweek* (June 2), who was gassed and wrote a "personal report on the battle of Berkeley," the police went on a riot of their own, "displaying a lawless brutality equal to that of Chicago, along with weapons and techniques that even the authorities in Chicago did not dare to employ; the firing of buckshot at fleeing crowds and unarmed bystanders, and the gassing—at times for no reason at all—of entire streets and portions of a college campus."

The gassing was marked by the first use of aerial warfare against American civilians. A helicopter spread a potent military tear gas, CS, in powdered form. The Army uses it in Vietnam. This stuff not only stings the eyes but "sets fire" to the mouth, nose and throat and may cause nausea. Demonstrators and bystanders alike were gassed, indoors and out, and gas-masked Guardsmen prevented them from fleeing. Students in classrooms were gassed. Many of the gas victims were driven into the streets and there injured with buckshot and clubs. A *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter wrote of "refugees in Berkeley . . . not from revolutionaries, but from the forces of law and order."

Law and order, as traditionally understood, are the victims in these recurring small wars. Three steps can be discerned in the process. The authority, the legitimacy of institutions declines. Striving to regain control, the authorities call on the police and the military. The police and the military then act as the government, in effect under martial law but without a declaration. As Peter Barnes puts it, "It is the uncontrollable use of paramilitary force without responsibility."

Under cover of a succession of such small wars against "domestic enemies," a kind of indigenous fascism can begin the take-over of power in the name of law and order.

Get Douglas, Get the Liberals

In the wake of the resignation of Abe Fortas from the Supreme Court, a spurious line of argument is being featured in some columns and editorial pages to the effect that there is a "corrupt strain in liberalism." This ties in neatly with the campaign of Right and conservative elements to pressure Justice Douglas into resigning, a move which could effect a complete reorientation of the Court.

Conservatives have always worked a superficially clever game with so-called liberals, despite the fact that the terms have, for all practical purposes, lost whatever meaning they once possessed. The conservative technique is to do as little as possible to cope with troublesome issues, but to acquiesce grudgingly in the more or less creative measures conceived and passed by liberal policy makers. At the same time, they boast of honor and integrity as if these were an exclusive conservative possession. The unstated premise is that virtue is inherent in the conservative philosophy; besides, as a practical matter, the conservative having started with more, is likely to be less greedy than the liberal who started with less.

This is one of those thoroughly nonsensical propositions which appeal to the prejudiced and are proof against logic and hard evidence to the contrary. Considering what were for the times the vast sums handled by government during the New Deal, the Franklin D. Roosevelt record was quite phenomenal on the score of honesty. It remained so during World War II, when much larger sums were involved. This is not adduced to show that liberals, so called, are more honest than other men—but neither are they less so.

As to the conservative record, let's not forget Warren G. Harding's Attorney General, Harry M. Daugherty, and his Secretary of the Interior, Albert B. Fall. Nor Dwight D. Eisenhower's Sherman Adams, nor the Harold Talbot incident, and in our own time, the fabulous law practices of Senator Dirksen and some other pillars of the conservative Establishment. Above all, let's not forget the slush fund of Richard M. Nixon, a scandal from which he extricated himself only with a maudlin, totally irrelevant TV program. With tears in his eyes and a catch in his voice, he was restored to the Eisenhower bosom when it became plain that a sufficient number of voters would swallow anything. For that matter, Ike's acceptance of gifts would have raised a fuss if the same cornucopia of gratuities had been showered upon a lesser figure. And, not to spend too much time laboring the obvious, was J. Parnell Thomas a liberal? Or is Thomas J. Dodd?

Ethical sensitivity does not divide politicians on a liberal versus conservative basis. It divides honest men from the men you have to watch.

A Timely Initiative

We have commented in the past ("Concentration Camps?" *The Nation*, June 3, 1968) on the imperative need to repeal Title II of the Internal Security Act of 1950 (the so-called McCarran Act), which provides for the establishment of "detention centers," or, less euphemistically, concentration camps.

Up to now, the public and the Congress have been apathetic in this matter. Those who were aware of it have usually dismissed the provision as one of those harmless legislative aberrations that could never be put into effect. Only Negro militants have regarded it as an actual threat. But finally, after nearly twenty years, a strong movement for the repeal of this affront to the Constitution is under way.

The repeal measure, S. 1872, was introduced by Sen.

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Daniel Inouye of Hawaii, a Japanese-American with a distinguished war record. The measure has been co-sponsored by more than twenty Senators and new names are being added all the time. Among the co-sponsors are Senators Javits, Muskie, Fong and both Senators from California, George Murphy and Alan Cranston. In the House, repeal measures have been introduced by Republican Charles Gubser (Calif.), and by three Democrats, Don Edwards (Calif.), Abner J. Mikva (Ill.) and John Conyers (Mich.).

In contrast to previous attempts by alleged radicals, the current movement for repeal is under "correct" auspices. The Japanese American Citizens League decided at its August 1968 convention to launch a campaign to rid the country of the Title II incubus. Since then, the National Association of Social Workers, the California Democratic Council and the Southern California Division of the American Jewish Congress have passed resolutions calling for repeal.

The JACL interest could hardly have been more soundly motivated. Except for the American Indians, who were herded onto reservations, Japanese-Americans are the first group in the United States to have concentration camp experience. These victims and their children are not only determined to prevent a recurrence of the events of 1942; they would also like to obtain a reversal of the U.S. Supreme Court's Korematsu decision, under which the detention of the West Coast Japanese was upheld. However, their concern is for the liberties of *all* American citizens. Their statement makes this plain: "JACL is determined that no other American, or group of Americans, will ever be subject to detention solely on the grounds of suspected loyalty. . . ."

These Japanese-Americans are not seeing ghosts. In the May *Atlantic* Elizabeth Drew, the magazine's Washington editor, quotes Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst as follows: "If people demonstrate in a manner to interfere with others, they should be rounded up and put in a detention camp." Senator Inouye comments that such statements "will further fuel the fires of those dissidents in America who fear that concentration camps are being readied for those who hold unpopular views and beliefs."

Mr. Kleindienst may have helped the repeal movement along. All who respect the Constitution should join with JACL to the end that this reminder of past folly (and perhaps harbinger of future folly) may be wiped off the statute books.

Sacred Missions

The problem of the 27,000 tons of surplus nerve gas and other noxious garbage ("How Not To Do It," *The Nation*, May 26) continues to rankle the Army. The original plan was to ship the stuff from Denver by freight and sink it in disposal areas, one 184 miles, the other 146 miles, east of Atlantic City. Objections were raised on the score of hazards in shipment and possible contamination of the ocean, so now the Army is unloading 170 freight cars to save $8,500 a day in rental charges (charges of $200,000 having already accumulated), while scientists decide whether there might not be a safer method of disposal. But even if the savants decide that the Army selected the best method in the first place, other difficulties may arise. The United States does not own the Atlantic Ocean, and foreign diplomats are raising objections to its use as a dump for toxic materials. The United Nations is also concerned, not only about pollution of the oceans but about the contamination of the rest of the environment.

In any case, the Army—in fact the whole Defense Department— is in a piteous state over the whole affair. Burning would take five and a half years and cost $14 million, what with the need for air-pollution safeguards. Land burial would take more than three years, cost $11 million, and entail the hazard of underground water seepage. Chemical treatment to make the stuff innocuous would take five years and cost $17 million. Defense asserts that sea burial would take only three months and cost only $3.9 million, but all these domestic and foreign meddlers have blocked that solution, at least for the time being.

The Navy is having its troubles too. The legend of Davy Jones's locker is hardly evoked by the sinking of the nuclear submarine *Guittaro* at Mare Island in 35 feet of water, while moored at an outfitting dock. She was refloated a few days later, but all her electronic gear and machinery got wet and it looks as if it will cost $25 million to repair the damage, on top of the $50 million she would have cost if all had gone well. Ill feelings have been aroused in Congress. Rep. George H. Mahon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, had a few words to say about naval incompetence, which led Rep. L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, to accuse Mahon of "playing into the hands of the enemies of the military."

Mr. Rivers is also outraged by Pentagon civilians, one of whom, nameless so far, proposed that ten of the forty-one Polaris submarines be sunk at sea (not like the *Guittaro* but on purpose) to save money. The Polaris missile is already obsolescent and it would cost as much to convert these over-age subs for launching Poseidon missiles as to build new ones. However, the Polaris missile isn't exactly a firecracker and each of them could kill, at a rough estimate, a million Russians, so Mendel Rivers would like to keep all forty-one in commission, while adding Poseidons.

To the military mind, the intolerable feature of discussions of contamination, whether on land or sea, is that physicians, public health authorities, journalists, et al., should ask questions, interfere with the sacred missions of the services, accuse them of pulling boners and, worst of all, try to take money away from them. For instance, fourteen months after the Army accidentally killed 6,000 sheep in Utah with poison gas, it has been finally forced to admit that the slaughter actually happened and that the public relations officers, and maybe some higher ups, were patriotic liars when they tried to hide the facts. The House Subcommittee on Conservation and Natural Resources, of which Rep. Henry S. Reuss

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is chairman, is responsible for the Army's embarrassment on this issue.

Outside the government, various groups are engaging in such harassment—which can be summed up by saying that they expose the military's mistakes as they would anybody else's and, by the same reasoning, object to giving the services everything they demand. Such groups also alarm the complacent citizenry by arguing that even if not used in war, chemical and bacteriological weapons are subject to accidents that cause deterioration of the environment and may kill people as well as sheep. This is the view, for instance, of Physicians for Social Responsibility, with about 1,000 members around the country.

God Bless and Goodby

On April 1, 1969, Andrew Biemiller, legislative director for the AFL-CIO, appeared before the House Ways and Means Committee to present the federation's position on tax reform. Rep. Charles Vanik asked him if the AFL-CIO would support a minimum loophole-closing package which could raise enough revenue to eliminate any need to continue the surtax. The response of the spokesman for 13 million union members was: "God bless this committee if they can put that kind of bill through."

This response is characteristic of the AFL-CIO's preference for relying on Congressional good will rather than mobilizing their members' political weight. Still, it was progress.

On February 25, 1969, some twenty Congressmen met with representatives of the labor lobby to formulate plans for a united tax-reform effort. The late afternoon meeting in the Rayburn Office Building was chaired by Democrat Henry Reuss of Wisconsin, principal author of H. R. 5250, the Tax Reform Act of 1969. Labor representatives included Paul Wagner of the United Auto Workers; Ray Denison and Arnold Cantor, AFL-CIO; Albert Lannon, International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union; Jack Sheehan, United Steelworkers, and a staff member from the American Federation of Teachers.

Reuss outlined a proposal to form a National Committee on Tax Reform, to be headed by someone of the stature of former Sen. Paul Douglas. The Congressmen stressed that they were serious about loophole plugging, but couldn't do the job alone. They appealed to the unions for help.

A follow-up meeting was set for March 6, to give the union representatives time to get authorization to begin implementing the proposals. That meeting never took place. Biemiller, himself a former Congressman from Wisconsin, now a labor lobbyist, expressed to Reuss the federation's three-point opposition to a National Committee on Tax Reform: lack of money and staff, lack of executive council sanction to work in such a coalition, and lack of AFL-CIO opposition to the surtax. The federation's own retirement fund has invested $2.5 million in corporate bonds. Stock and bond tax privileges are an area of particular interest to tax reformers.

Four labor spokesmen testified before the April 1 Ways and Means Committee hearings on tax reform; only one, from the Longshoremen, demanded abolition of the surtax. However, on the same day that AFL-CIO President George Meany reaffirmed his support for the tax on a tax to pay for the war in Vietnam, representatives of the New Jersey AFL-CIO arrived in Washington with 100,000 signatures on petitions demanding an immediate end to the surtax. Such petition campaigns are now rolling among workers in many parts of the country, and pressures from local unions are building as the AFL-CIO position becomes known.

"The time for action is long overdue," said the official labor movement, but they appear to be confining their action to the printed word and committee appearances, despite the fact that working people are bearing the brunt of the price-tax squeeze and are in almost open revolt against the surtax. "God bless this committee," said Biemiller. And goodby.

JUDICIAL OVERKILL

THE INJUNCTION ON CAMPUS

FRANK J. DONNER
Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

"Government by injunction" has been extended from labor-management relationships to the campus. Dartmouth, CCNY, Columbia, Stanford, San Francisco State and other universities throughout the country have resorted to the injunctive remedy, and educational administrators testifying before Congressional committees are endorsing it as an answer to the problem of student disruption. But the cure may turn out to be more injurious than the disease.

Granting that the conduct of students on the campus may sometimes be unlawful (trespass, disorderly conduct, etc.), the remedy of the injunction seems singularly ill-advised. At the very outset, the university's resort to injunction appears to verify the claim of the student protest movement that the university is a surrogate for the power structure and that the campus is a logical theatre of war against the society. To student *enragés* the tactic proclaims that the enemy is calling for reinforcements from its allies and that the administration's denials of Vietnam-

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connected abuse of power are compromised by its collaboration with another sector of the Establishment, historically identified with repression.

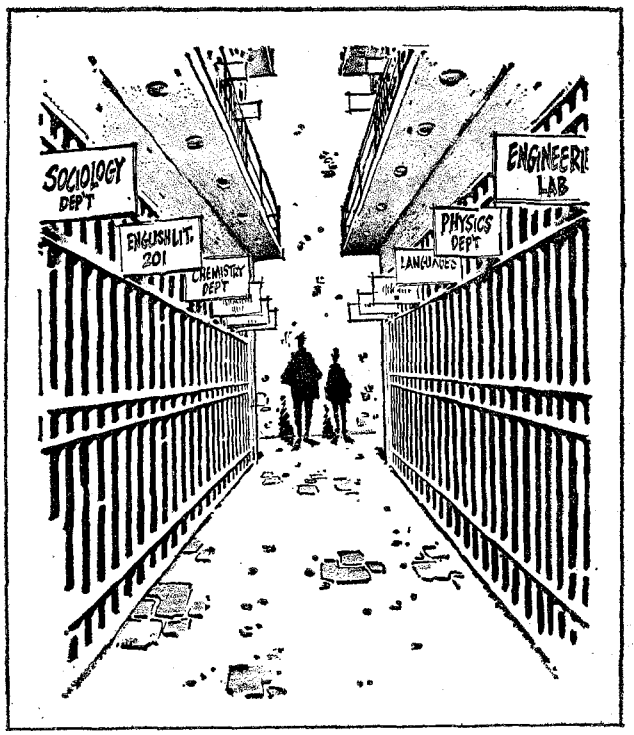
Just as the use of the injunction against labor raised social problems as well as legal ones, so it does when leveled against students. Public opinion plays an important part in the outcome of student protest activities. The issuance of an injunction broadens and deepens a conflict: it brands as lawless in the public mind not merely the conduct of a few individual leaders or activists who are the nominal defendants but the entire protest movement, however justified, and no matter what its target—discrimination, classified research, ROTC, bureaucratization, etc. Conversely, it tends to validate as lawful and proper the practices under attack.

Nor does the injunction merely influence the social context of the dispute. The merits of the conflict are not before the court of equity which issues the injunction, yet the court's action frequently has a powerful effect on the outcome of the dispute. The sole justification for an injunction is to preserve the *status quo* by preventing irreparable injury to the plaintiff, pending a resolution of the issues. But the injunction frequently imposes irreparable injury on the defendants and their cause. The effectiveness of student protests depends on their timing and —given the academic context—they are necessarily of short duration. In these circumstances the initial intervention of the courts can be all but decisive. There is no way to redress the damage to the public interest which a "temporary" injunction may inflict. An improvidently issued restraining order may, under the justification of preserving the plaintiff university from irreparable injury, in fact irreparably harm the defendants and their cause—which frequently resonates with vital public values far outweighing the complained of disruption.

Nothing illustrates this more graphically than the recent injunction obtained at the instance of demagogic New York City backlash politicians to smash the City College student strike in New York City. The court's restraining order came at a time when the student activists, the administration and substantial sections of the faculty were at last forging a formula for the resolution of tormenting problems of racial discrimination. The injunction blew apart an inchoate settlement. "Peace" has been restored but at a formidable price: responsible activists are now even more frustrated and disillusioned. The administration has lost its initiative and independence and a segment of the faculty is seriously considering obtaining a counter injunction to close the university and permit completion of the aborted negotiations. This debacle gives a contemporary dimension to the historic recognition, born of years of bitter experience in strike situations, that an injunction gives one party to a dispute the power to use the courts to settle the argument on his own terms.

What we are talking about here is the classic "ex parte temporary restraining order." This type of injunction is characteristically drafted by counsel for the plaintiff. It is granted without notice or a hearing of any kind. The defending persons are given no opportunity to present their side or to cross-examine witnesses. Affidavits alone, frequently tendentious and emotional, are sufficient to justify the issuance of the restraining order.

Judges routinely sign these lawyer-drafted orders without recognizing that they are both vague and excessively broad—which evils can be corrected only at the time of the "return date," usually from five days to two weeks later, when it is too late. As in the labor situation, ex parte restraints against students and their organizations forbid, under penalty of contempt, activities that are arguably part of the protected freedoms, such as assembly and "incitement" ("Every idea is an incitement," Holmes once wrote), or conduct that in no way relates to the subject



Conrad, Los Angeles Times

matter of the affidavits which are the basis for the restraint. In any event, studies show that judges are rarely willing to modify oppressive injunctions when the hearing takes place on the "return date."

Because the injunction is not narrowly confined, it typically generates an enormous overkill. Self-censorship becomes the rule as the demoralized students withdraw from the movement rather than risk contempt. The more committed and determined among them are forced to test the constitutional limits of the injunction by violating it and subjecting themselves to the contempt process, a dangerous course in view of a recent Supreme Court decision upholding a contempt punishment for violation of a constitutionally questionable injunction.

It has long been noted that the injunction is a form of judicial power peculiarly subject to abuse. Equity jurisdiction is being invoked against student protests on the theory that the plaintiff university is threatened with an irreparable injury for which there is no adequate legal remedy. But this is frequently a fiction designed to substitute the summary process of a court of equity for more conventional but slower forms of civil and criminal relief. The injunc-

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tion is sought and issued in an atmosphere of pressure and prejudice, poisonous to fair adjudication.

Judges are frequently not competent to deal with the complex and elusive problems presented by injunction cases. Even when they are, they act under the pressure of circumstances which prevent them from obtaining enlightenment. Many of them, older men and generations removed from the problems of youth, share the hostility of "town" toward "gown." At the contempt stage they are virtually unrestrained in giving vent to such hostility: jury trials are barred (a motion for a jury was recently denied the Columbia SDS members in their contempt case); in many states there is no limit to the judge's discretionary power to punish for contempt, and the scope of appeal is discouragingly narrow. The anti-student judge may come to join the anti-labor judge of the thirties as a symbol of reaction.

If student activists are concerned with the effectiveness of the movement over the long haul, they must learn that the claim of violence is the propelling force of the injunction, and that self-indulgent "revolutionary" games of barricade and commune usually conceal a failure to organize an effective constituency. And while the university may be comforted by the fact that a formidable system of judicial sanctions has been substituted for its intramural disciplinary processes, it should recognize the dangers. Even when the university is the complainant, the contempt punishment is beyond its control. In the Dartmouth situation, the university requested jail sentences of fifteen days but the New Hampshire supreme court thought thirty days more fitting. More important, the institutionalization of the injunction process as a means of policing the campus will inevitably destroy a tradition of university self-regulation which has been five centuries in the making. And what is sauce for the university goose will inevitably become sauce for the statehouse primitives who have been searching for a lever of control. It would be an irony if, after having beaten off with fair success since the thirties (with some transient lapses in the fifties) the attacks and pressures of legislative Savonarolas, the universities were now to set a judicial trap for their gadflies into which they themselves can easily be pushed. That this is not a speculative or polemic concern is all too tragically demonstrated by the CCNY debacle.

Underlying all contemporary student protest is a crisis of legitimacy. As part of the air they breathe, students share the awareness that our institutions have betrayed their basic functions. This feeling is not altogether new, but it has never been so pervasive. Workers felt that way about the courts (many still do), at least until the passage of the Norris-LaGuardia Act. And the basis for their resentment was the realization that, in Justice Brandeis' words, the courts were being used "to endow property with active militant power which would make it dominant over men." The revival of the injunction as an instrument for the resolution of value conflicts can only intensify the crisis of legitimacy.

ENGLAND'S NEW LEFT

YOUNG AND ANGRY TALTEN

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London

Britain's Labour Government continues, with sad consistency, to move from disaster to disaster. The crucial battle for the pound, despite the devaluation of November 1967, has gone badly. Harold Wilson and his ministers had hoped that 1969 would bring a balance of payments surplus large enough to enable them to begin repaying the huge foreign loans they had made in order to protect the pound. Instead, trade figures for the first three months have shown a dismally large deficit, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has responded once again by raising taxes. Election figures have been equally bleak for the government. On March 27 it preserved intact its record of defeat at the polls by losing three parliamentary by-elections by overwhelming votes. The government has also found it increasingly difficult to rally its own supporters. It has recently been forced, because of a virtual filibuster of its own backbenchers, to abandon a government bill to reform the House of Lords. It has, however, refused to drop its announced plan of introducing a bill to curb strikes, and has thereby enraged the trade union leaders, the very men who provide most of the party funds.

These Labour troubles, highly visible and highly dramatic, are easy to follow; but they are not the entire story. The Labour Party is still, by its constitution, committed to a Socialist policy, yet those of its members who take its Socialist claims seriously, are disillusioned and demoralized. The Wilson government by adopting an orthodox deflationary policy at home and by following American foreign policy abroad may have struck a death blow at the democratic Socialist tradition in Britain. For the future of British politics this may be even more important than the never ending struggle over the balance of payments.

The British Left can be divided, in American terms, into an old Left of parliamentary Socialists who form the left wing of the Labour Party and a New Left of self-proclaimed revolutionaries, taking inspiration equally from Leon Trotsky and Che Guevara. Both Lefts have been very much affected by the failures and broken promises of the Labour government.

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The most militant journal of the old Left is *Tribune*, a weekly, which began in 1937, has a circulation of about 50,000, and has been a platform for every left-wing campaign in the Labour movement for the past thirty years. The most important journal of the New Left is *Black Dwarf*, a fortnightly which began in June 1968 and sells about 15,000 copies, most of them apparently to college students. On January 24, the two magazines staged a formal debate which had been advertised as *Tribune* versus *Black Dwarf*, or Parliament versus revolution. The speakers for *Tribune* were two of their regular contributors, the left-wing M.P.s Eric Heffer and Michael Foot. Like their magazine they are veterans; Heffer is 47 and Foot 55. *Black Dwarf* was championed by two of its editors, Bob Rowthorne and Tariq Ali, both safely under 30. About 2,300 people filled the hall, most of them students cheering for *Black Dwarf*. Rowthorne opened by saying that Heffer and Foot were Left Social Democrats who had often shown great political courage. But their criticisms of the Wilson government were ineffective, because they would do nothing that might drive the government from office or even damage its prospects in a future election. They helped to deceive people into thinking that the Labour Party was potentially a Socialist party, and that all that was needed was to elect greater numbers of left-wing M.P.s. They never asked themselves why Social Democratic parties always acted badly in office. They did not see that Parliament was useful only as a propaganda forum and was not by itself the road to socialism.

Eric Heffer, in replying to Rowthorne, recalled proudly how often he had spoken out against measures of the Wilson government. But, he explained, he did not want to bring the Labour government down and put the Tories in their place. Dozens of young people from all over the hall shouted, "resign" and "vote against the government." Heffer shouted back: "I've been a worker at the bench. Only a few years ago, I was working with my hands, and I may be working with my hands again in a few years." The hecklers continued and Heffer tried another personal statement: "I am a revolutionary Socialist who has had more experience of the class struggle than probably 90 per cent of the audience. I once belonged to a sectarian group. And I learned that it only isolated us. It cut us off from the great body of the workers in the Labour Party and the trade unions." (Before coming to the Labour Party, Heffer saw service, not in one, but in two revolutionary groups. As a young man he was a member of the Communist Party until expelled in 1947, and in the early 1950s organized his own group in Liverpool, the Socialist Workers Federation.) But neither his proletarian origins (he had been a carpenter and joiner) nor his revolutionary past won the critical young audience. "Parliament," he said, "isn't wonderful. But when a joiner finds his tool isn't working, he doesn't throw it away. He tries to sharpen it." "Get a new one," shouted one of the hecklers.

The third speaker was Tariq Ali, clearly the favorite of the crowd, which greeted him with loud and long applause. Tariq Ali is a young Pakistani, who spent a year at Oxford (1964-65), was elected president of the Oxford Union, and in the last year or so has become a prominent figure of the New Left. In 1968 he became widely known as the leader of two much publicized mass demonstrations against the war in Vietnam. Casually dressed in a sweater and wearing a guerrilla-type mustache, he looked like the model young revolutionary, 1969 style. "There are two types of Social Democrats on this platform," he said. "Eric Heffer is a renegade from the revolutionary movement. . . . Michael Foot belongs to a different tradition, one which we can respect, the old Victorian tradition of the radical reformer." Social Democrats were dangerous, he continued, because they always betrayed the interests of the working class. Left Social Democrats were utopian defeatists. They were utopian since they believed that socialism would be achieved through Parliament and they were defeatists because they believed that it could not be achieved in any other way. Revolution was still possible even in the advanced nations. That had been triumphantly shown by the great strikes in France in May 1968. The revolution then had been betrayed by the "French Social Democrats, by which I mean the French Communist Party."

Tariq Ali was scornful of *Tribune*'s position on Vietnam. Its editors had not welcomed the victories of the Vietcong during the Tet offensive; they had simply declared once again their backing for the "mealy-mouthed U Thant" and his call for negotiations. Real revolutionaries, declared Tariq Ali, want not negotiations but victory for the National Liberation Front. Social Democrats try to stand in the middle of the class struggle and bring people together. "We on *Black Dwarf* will support all factory occupations and all university occupations." The time was not yet ripe for revolution in Britain, but it was already ripe to discredit Social Democracy. "Social Democracy is dead. Let us bury it together."

Michael Foot clearly does not yet consider himself or his ideas ready for burial. Like Tariq Ali, Foot was once president of the Oxford Union. He is a man of impressive achievements. He has been in Parliament for nineteen years, is an active journalist, and has written nine books, several of them solid works of historical research. Foot is, moreover, the virtual heir of the great leader of the Labour Left, Aneurin Bevan. He was one of Bevan's closest associates in the battles against Labour's right wing in the 1950s. (On several occasions Foot carried his fight to the verge of expulsion from the party.) In 1960, after Bevan's death, Foot (who had lost his seat in the 1955 election) became M.P. for Bevan's old constituency, Ebbw Vale, in the Welsh coal and iron area. In 1962 Foot published the first volume of a two-volume life of Bevan, which is both an excellent biography and a portrait of the Labour Left.

Foot, who has often been attacked as an irresponsible extremist, seemed both amused and slightly surprised at the need to prove that he was not a "responsible moderate." "I feel as strongly as anyone in the hall," he said, "about what is happening in Greece, in Vietnam, in South Africa." He pleaded with the alienated young to understand that political institutions are necessary. Even if you have factory control by the workers, there must be a state, and that means parties and elections. Socialists in Czecho-

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slovakia were trying to build those very institutions which some in Britain are ready to destroy. He defended U Thant and defended the UN. This brought many jeers from the audience. To the New Left, the UN is as great a charade as Parliament itself.

Foot did not defend the Wilson government, but he did defend the Labour movement. The trade unions, he said, were moving left, and they would help the movement correct the government. The government had indeed been moving in the wrong direction. "Should I give up? Retire? That is a doctrine for hermits." He pleaded with the audience "to come into the mass party and make your voice effective." The audience was not moved. Why should they work to elect left-wing Labourites when they become magically transformed into "responsible moderates" once in office? After all, Harold Wilson and two of his most important ministers, Richard Crossman (Secretary of State for Social Services) and Barbara Castle (Secretary of State for Employment and Productivity) are old Bevanites.

To answer the attacks of the young revolutionaries effectively, Foot would have had to explain why so many of his old comrades in arms have gone astray. Perhaps there is no convincing answer. Holding office in democratic systems does often pull both men of the Right and men of the Left closer to the Center. In normal times (the Labour government of 1945 functioned, after all, in the aftermath of a total war which followed a great depression) democratic governments seldom follow radical policies. Bob Rowthorne and Tariq Ali might well be right in stating that socialism will not come through Parliament, and Michael Foot is most probably right in saying that socialism will not come through revolution. In 1945 it seemed to many that socialism was the wave of the future in Western Europe. Within a few years the tides moved in a different direction. In 1969 many who worked for and still want democratic socialism fear that the Socialist future will not come.

An hour of the meeting was given over to a number of four-minute speeches from the audience. Many came from leaders of two groups, International Marxism and International Socialism, both Trotskyite organizations with predominantly student followings. The two groups are on amicable terms with each other (but not with an older Trotskyite group, which has more of a working-class following), and most of the writers for *Black Dwarf* belong to one or the other. A representative of the Communist Party spoke, and was almost hooted down. The Communist Party is seen by the young radicals as an even more fraudulent bureaucracy than the Labour Party itself. A building worker got a good round of applause when he announced a march of the building workers and their supporters to protest Barbara Castle's decision to cut a penny off the 3-penny-an-hour increase they had won from the employers. (Miss Castle, the old Bevanite Socialist, is now the guardian of the incomes policy which hopes to protect the pound by keeping wages from rising too rapidly.)

The highlight of the evening came when Robin Blackburn, a 26-year-old sociology lecturer from the London School of Economics, announced that he had just come from the school. The students had that evening torn down the security gates which the director had recently set up within the buildings in order to control demonstrations and sit-ins. Most of the crowd rose and shouted and applauded, as if the opening volley of the revolution had been fired. Lenin had arrived at the Finland Station; *Black Dwarf* was vindicated.

In its next two issues *Tribune* printed ten letters and several columns commenting on the great debate. They criticized Tariq Ali and *Black Dwarf* for splitting the Left, for encouraging sectarianism, and lacking contact with the British working class. But all the writers were pleading with the young revolutionaries, as Michael Foot had done, to come and help them revitalize the Labour Party. The *Tribune* columnist, Ben Mallalieu, ended his article on this optimistic note: "Outside there was a girl selling *Tribune*. 'What's the difference between the two sides someone asked.' 'None whatever,' she replied. I wondered how long it would be before we had *Tribune* versus *Black Dwarf* cricket matches." It was a pathetic ploy, rather like a father trying to convince a hippie son that the old man is really with it. *Black Dwarf* answered in its next issue by referring to a harshly critical article on *Tribune* which it had previously printed: "As for *Tribune* and the *Dwarf* believing in the 'same things' we would advise Mr. Mallalieu to read Chris Harman's article in the last *Dwarf*. It might clear his mind a bit."

In the past, though some of the impatient young went into the Communist Party, there was never a shortage of young and angry talent flowing into the Labour Party. Today that flow has become a trickle. In many universities, for example, Marxist societies of the New Left variety are much larger and more active than the Labour Party clubs. The men of *Tribune* Left fear that the Labour Party may become, like an American political party, an election machine without ideology and without a mass movement. And indeed, many of the bright, young Labour technocrats of politics prefer a party of that type. They proclaim the need to modernize the Labour Party and master the techniques of television, modern advertising and market research. The party, they argue, must drop its old ideological baggage, and present a modern, dynamic image in order to appeal to an electorate which, they say, is becoming increasingly classless and nonideological. To the Labour Left such ideas are both wrong and morally repugnant. They see the Labour Party as a permanent crusade, and they need the thousands of students who listen to Tariq Ali and read *Black Dwarf* to help bring it back to its evangelical traditions. Of course, these radical students are a minority among students and a very small minority among voters, but they are the yeast without which the bread will not rise.

The Left has often organized special campaigns to mobilize support within the party for more radical policies. After the failure of the first MacDonald government in 1924, the Left rallied its followers to work for a program called "Socialism in Our Time." After the collapse of the second MacDonald government in 1931, some left wingers organized the Socialist League, out of which

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Tribune eventually emerged. From 1951 to 1957 the Left worked in the Bevanite movement, and a few years after that, it operated the "Victory for Socialism" campaign.

The latest of these efforts began in June 1968 when twenty-three M.P.s known as the *Tribune* group, issued an eight-point program, the Socialist Charter, which set out Socialist solutions for current economic problems under such headings as "Socialist Planning," "Public Ownership as a Real Weapon for Socialism," "Redistribution of Wealth" and "An Independent Foreign Policy." Meetings are being held throughout the country to publicize the charter and to get M.P.s, individual rank-and-file party members, trade union branches, and local Labour Parties to endorse it. The proclaimed aim is to get such massive support behind the charter that the government will accept its proposals. But this seems not even remotely possible. The campaign, one suspects, is being organized mainly in the hope of keeping disillusioned Socialists from drifting into apathy. Many people who will no longer work for the Labour government will, it is hoped, work for the charter. The missionary activity of getting people to sign the charter will help the morale of those who sign and of those who get them to sign. But most of those who have signed are veterans of the old armies of the Left; there are few new recruits. One sign of the ineffectiveness of the campaign is that the right wing has not thus far even taken the trouble to denounce it. In effect, the charter appears to be a make-work project whereby the old Left can convince itself that it is still relevant.

Meanwhile, the revolutionary Left concentrates its energies on demonstrations and confrontations. Tariq Ali and his allies organized mass demonstrations against the war in Vietnam in March and October of last year and a considerably smaller demonstration on March 16 of this year. Tariq Ali himself returned for a time to Pakistan, just as continuing demonstrations forced the President, Ayub Khan, to retire—a result not likely to be matched in England. The biggest success the revolutionaries might hope to claim in England in the near future would be the retirement of the director of the London School of Economics, Walter Adams, who ever since his appointment a little more than two years ago has been the target of a guerrilla war waged by the school's Socialist Society, a group of self-proclaimed Marxist revolutionaries.

The continuing troubles at the school have been a marked victory for the revolutionaries. After the gates came down, Adams closed the school and called police in to guard the buildings. He got injunctions against ten student leaders and began proceedings to dismiss three young radical lecturers, one of them, the same Robin Blackburn who had brought the stirring news to the audience at the *Tribune-Black Dwarf* debate. For almost four weeks the school remained closed, and students organized marches past the police lines. During the first week, some L.S.E. students seized the Student Union of the University of London (with which L.S.E. is loosely affiliated) and announced that they would hold it as a base. Several newspapers reported that Tariq Ali himself had joined the students inside their camp, but this was later denied. After one night and much rhetoric, the students peacefully vacated the building. Two of the demonstrations in front of the L.S.E. drew more than 1,500 marchers, many of them from other schools in London.

The London School of Economics after its reopening managed to complete the term with only one three-day sit-in, but the future still looks troubled. The leaders of the rebel students harp on the iniquities of Walter Adams and other administrators, but their real goal, as they often state, is much bigger than Adams or L.S.E. It is the capitalist system itself, of which the universities are both an expression and a weak and vulnerable link. Thus Mr. Blackburn told a few hundred students after one of the demonstrations at the school: "All the capitalist institutions can crumble from within if we can undermine authoritarianism. Comrades, we are living in the present time through a historic moment in the revolutionary movement. . . . They have given us the opportunity to mobilize students up and down the country. . . . We have launched a vast, offensive, revolutionary movement."

Tariq Ali, Robin Blackburn, and the other self-styled revolutionaries hope eventually to produce some-

M.P.s KEEP OUT!
YOU WOULDN'T BE PAID IF WE WEREN'T HERE TO BE TAUGHT
∴ WE ARE THE PAYMASTERS
I.E. THE BOSSES
SO
① WE MUST PICK OUR OWN TEACHERS
② MARK OUR OWN PAPERS
③ SIT-IN ALL DAY LONG IF WE WANT P.T.O

Teach-In at the L.S.E.

Illingworth, London Daily Mail

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thing like the Paris strikes of May 1968, but without the Gaullist counterstroke. A wave of student strikes will, they hope, trigger industrial strikes which escalate into a general strike, and somehow topple the government and the system. The immediate tactics are clear, the eventual outcome vague. There is a pattern, of sorts, in much of Western Europe. The German Social Democrats dropped socialism about a decade ago. The French Socialists ceased to be Socialist even before that, and the French Communist Party has lost most of its vitality and relevance. This may explain in part the unleashing in those countries of essentially destructive and undisciplined student revolutionary activity.

The process has not gone as far in Britain as it has in France and Germany, but the direction may be the same. The Labour Party fades away as a Socialist crusade, and the activist students desert it for revolutionary groups. And the desertion of the young leaves the Socialist wing of the party weaker still, making the party as a whole even less attractive for the radical students. The Socialist wing of the Labour Party has survived many shocks in the past; but massive disappointment in the Wilson government and the mass desertion of the radical young seem like fatal wounds. It is hard to imagine Labour Party meetings in the future singing, as they did in a more hopeful past, the last lines of William Blake's *Jerusalem*:

I will not cease from mental fight;
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Still Forgotten: The Working Poor

DENNIS DUGGAN
Mr. Duggan, formerly a reporter on The New York Times *and the* Herald Tribune, *is now a national news correspondent for* Newsday.

Only in the past few months has the plight of the 20 million American working poor begun to attract attention. Heirs of the Industrial Revolution, they have become its neglected offspring; desperate pockets of workers earning more than welfare but less than what their own government says is a moderate income. They are bitter and bankrupt and almost totally without voice.

In Cambridge, Mass., the Harvard-MIT Joint Center for Urban Studies headed by Robert C. Wood, former Under Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, is assigning "high priority" to research on the working poor. As Wood describes him: "He is the ordinary employee in the factory and in the office. Twenty million strong, he forms the bulk of the nation's working force. He makes $5,000 to $10,000 a year, has a wife and two children, owns a house in town, between the ghetto and the suburbs, or perhaps in a low-cost subdivision on the urban fringe—and he owes plenty in installment debts on his car and his appliances. He finds his tax burden heavy, his neighborhood services poor, his national image tarnished, and his political clout diminishing. This, too, is alienation."

Most of the fresh archaeological digging into the working-class poverty of America has been done by the American Jewish Committee and particularly by Irving M. Levine, its director of urban planning. He and others feel that unless these not so poor are extricated from their plight, their tensions and frustrations may touch off a hideous confrontation with those above and those below them. As one observer puts it: "These people would rather bowl than go to the barricades, but if they get to the barricades they'll sure be throwing those bowling balls at everyone."

Even now, the working poor are muttering. Some call it white backlash, on the part of those embittered by what they consider the wining and dining of the real poor at their expense. During the Presidential campaign, George Wallace and his pocketbook platform brought this sentiment to the surface.

National attention has focused on black riots in Detroit, Newark, the Watts section of Los Angeles, and other cities since 1964, but very little heed has been paid to white riots that broke out during the same period in sections of Chicago, in Cicero, in Folcroft near Philadelphia, in the Kensington section of Philadelphia and in Milwaukee—these latter riots are what *Ebony* magazine recently called "The White Problem of America." Even more relevant was the "stunning" upset victory on April 29 by a 41-year-old Minneapolis burglary detective in a primary race for the mayoralty of that city. Scoring heavily in the working-class wards and running as an independent on a law and order platform, Charles Stenvig won 30,000 votes and beat out both the Democratic Farm Labor candidate and the Republican candidate. Stenvig's victory was even more spectacular in view of the fact that Minneapolis is thought to be one of the country's most enlightened cities and its electorate several notches above most in political savvy. Minneapolis *Star* reporter Steve Farkin, who followed the race, doesn't rule out the possibility that Stenvig will win in a June 10 run-off with Republican Dan Cohen, who is president of the city council.

Still another manifestation of the unrest of the working poor is what former Under Secretary of the Treasury Joseph Barr calls a "taxpayer revolt." Walter Reuther recently warned a Congressional committee that the nation is "on the verge of a tax revolt by workers and other embattled middle-class elements."

In Milwaukee, a group of sixty tax protesters pasted a proclamation demanding more equitable federal taxes to the wall of the Federal Building. They asked that the $600 federal income tax exemption per dependent be doubled,

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that the standard deduction be raised from 10 per cent, or $1,000 to 15 per cent, or $2,000, that parents be permitted to deduct education expenses, and that the government close loopholes that permit the wealthy to treat their tax forms as a kind of "laugh-in."

In Caro, Mich. a vocal group is threatening to stop paying property taxes if the state legislature or the courts don't give property owners a break. Property taxes were instituted in a time of stable economy, but today's inflation and rising land values are kiting the assessed valuation of these properties and forcing burdensome property taxes on already tax-broke workers. Dr. John Carpovich is heading the Caro revolt and claims to have nineteen counties with about 30,000 workers organized in Michigan. The taxpayer revolt is spreading in other directions. Some municipalities have had to shut down schools because taxpayers refused to vote for essential increased allocations. New schools have been deferred in other areas because their bond issues were turned down.

But despite these signs of growing unrest, the working poor are still America's neglected class. Having absolutely no spokesman in industry, they note that the hard-core unemployed have attracted the sympathy of such important businessmen as Henry Ford and Donald Kendall, chairman of the National Alliance of Businessmen and chairman and president of Pepsico, Inc. Business leaders tend to blame the government for the plight of their disillusioned workers, and disclaim responsibility for the high taxes and inflation that have put these workers on a treadmill. A spokesman for the National Association of Manufacturers can think of no businessman in the country who has shown concern for this group. And Hugh Rex Edwards, head of a research group called The Guild, observes: "Scholars would rather go where the action is. They're interested in the black revolution." He notes in addition that the working poor lack organizations of their own:

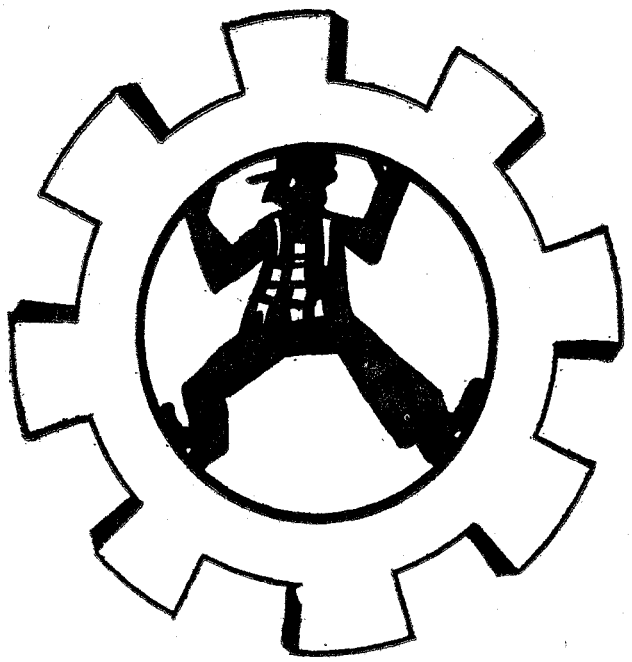
> They are the worst manipulators of the media. They're still in a Gutenberg world when everyone else has gone McLuhan. No one talks for them. They're little groups of people without the capacity to realize they're in the same boat. They often work against each other. As a total population, they've been struck dumb.

In government, only Daniel P. Moynihan—the Harvard-educated sociologist who grew up in Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen, and is now President Nixon's adviser on urban affairs—seems to have wakened to the disaffection of the working poor. He says:

> The greatest number of these families are working-class or lower-middle-class people earning incomes in the $5,000-to-$8,000 range. This is the group that by and large has been left out of the recent spate of government programs; if not forgotten, it is at least ignored. We have established a Job Corps for the dropout and a Peace Corps for the college graduates, but the plain fellow with a high school diploma, and his parents, have little to show from either the New Frontier or the Great Society. This—majority—group of Americans cannot but wonder what it is getting out of all the activity, and in particular has to be asking whether the government is playing favorites, or greasing squeaky wheels, or whatever.

Some of the disparate groups who make up the bulk of the working poor are starting to make squeaky sounds themselves. The National Confederation of American Ethnic Groups, in Washington, has begun a $5-million fund-raising campaign; Paul Deac, executive vice president, says its members "are beginning to realize that unless the ethnic groups organize themselves they will be run over by others."

The confederation claims a membership of sixty-seven groups with a total 18,600,000 individuals. Despite its size, it has only minor political influence and is weakened



by the tenuous commitment of its members. In New York, the American Council of Nationalities Service, which has been helping newly arrived immigrants for fifty years, is shopping for foundation money to organize ethnic coalitions in up to ten cities. "Lower-income white ethnics have problems that must be resolved," says J. Frank Dearness, the executive director, "and if we don't resolve their problems, then all black progress will be lost because they'll turn to a Wallace or someone like that."

That is exactly the reasoning of the American Jewish Committee. Last June, it sponsored the first National Consultation on Ethnic America at Fordham University. Similar meetings are planned for Newark and Chicago this June. Levine says: "We have a black problem and we have a white reaction to it. You can't solve the one without solving the other." He calls the working poor "invisible. They have no heroes. The British began to romanticize their working class ten years ago in movies like *Look Back in Anger*, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, *The Angry Silence* and *The Sporting Life*. What do we give them? *Father Knows Best*? That's not what they know or understand."

Levine feels the workers have been let down by their

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spokesmen, their legislators, their unions and their churches. He thinks new strategies and new institutions will have to be formed if the group is to be rescued. "We should have intermediate institutions to help these people recoup their lives. If a person doesn't go to college today, he's dropping out; he'll never make it. There ought to be a second chance for these people instead of dooming them to a life of mediocrity." Levine also feels that such accepted "purveyors of goodies" as the Social Security sys-

tem could be reformed to help the working poor during the times they most need help. "We could work out a system that would give each of them, say, a bonus of $500 when he gets married. And $500 for each child. We could work out programs that would allow them to go to college. If we need more money for these programs why not bring the government in as a third partner in Social Security?"

Where the working poor have been hit hardest is in the pay check. Nick Kisburg, legal director of the Teamsters Council, says these 20 million Americans landed on a square marked Nowhere because "we're all victims of a big con job—that we live in an affluent society.

"The fact is that there are 7 million white families who earn between $5,000 and $7,000 a year—a step above welfare. Only 2.6 per cent of the wage earners in this country earn more than $25,000. Most of the money wage earners have gotten in raises in the past decade has been lost to inflation and taxes. Cheating is becoming a way of life. People who moonlight because they need the money to live get phony Social Security cards and give phony addresses. Can you blame them?"

The tremendous national resentment against taxes may yet aid the working poor who now work two and a half hours of every eight-hour day to pay federal, state and local taxes. This year the 10 per cent surtax will be felt for the first time, and state and local taxes are escalating as well. State taxes went up last year, in one form or another, in twenty-two states. There are now sales taxes in forty-four states, with thirteen of them maintaining rates of 4 per cent or more. Thirty-seven states impose income taxes and seven of them boosted that tax last year. Other state taxes that rose in 1968 include those on cigarettes, up in eight states; alcoholic beverages, up in three states, and gasoline, up in five states.

This year, the estimated tax bill will average $1,000 for every man, woman and child in the nation, according to a study by the AFL-CIO which recently went before Congress and urged tax reforms. Among the suggestions made by the union is one that would cut the tax paid by a married worker with two children by 42.1 per cent if he makes $5,000 a year and 15.9 per cent if he makes $15,000.

Tax reforms are now being studied by Congress. Rep. Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.) is conducting a two-year study for this purpose, and Sens. Harrison Williams (D., N.J.) and Fred Harris (D., Okla.) have introduced bills calling for such measures as a raise in individual exemptions from today's $600 to $900, completely deductible medical expenses, exemptions for daily transportation expenses. Says a spokesman for Williams: "We figure the individual exemption should go to $900 because the cost of living index has risen tremendously since 1948 when the $600 limit was set. He estimates that 55 per cent of all taxpayers would benefit if they could deduct all their medical expenses." Senator Williams' staff has also introduced or is planning to introduce legislation to provide a grant of $500 a semester to the children of wage earners making less than $12,000 a year, to amend the property tax laws, and to provide funds for a multibillion-dollar community college program to allow the children of working poor to gain the education needed to attain mobility.

There is also a drive in Congress to raise the minimum wage from the present $1.60 an hour to $2 an hour for manufacturing employees and to $1.60 for farm workers; Senator Ribicoff (D., Conn.) is seeking tax write-offs for parents of children in college.

The question is whether these reforms will come soon enough and be effective enough to reduce the social fever of the working poor. A minimum wage of $2 an hour amounts to an $80 pay check, which is then carved to shreds by several government agencies. Cleveland Robinson, president of the Negro American Labor Council of Chicago, claims that the U.S. labor movement is still living in the 19th century. He thinks Congress should enact a minimum wage law that would provide $7,000 a year for a father supporting a family of four.

If something is not done fast, to alleviate their condition, this long hot summer could easily become the long *white*-hot summer. In a booklet published on May 15 the Rev. Andrew Greeley, director of the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago, claims that in today's mechanized society the working poor is the group that feels most vulnerable and impotent. That, he says, is what causes them to strike out at the blacks rather than attack the root causes of their own problem: "hate for that which is different apparently still lurks beneath our civilized veneer." There is little to suggest that much has been done to get at the causes of those hatreds. Not by the corporations, not by the Congress, not by the churches. The society is sick and the working poor is one more group that has come down with the ailment.

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TRUSTEE, RESIGN!

GEORGE G. KIRSTEIN
Mr. Kirstein was publisher of The Nation *from 1955 to 1965. He is the author of* The Rich: Are They Different? *(Houghton Mifflin).*

My slogan set forth above is not in the same category with the hasty scrawl on picket signs carried by embattled students on their way to vandalize the dean's office. Nor is it analogous to the chant of Negro militants protesting discrimination at some museum, school or hospital. It is an exhortation soberly offered by a man nearing 60, who has been a trustee of two hospitals, one institution for care of the blind, one school for adult education, one philanthropic foundation, and three or four other assorted "do-good" institutions in various fields from lyric theatre to the dissemination of public health information.

Boards of trustees of eleemosynary institutions have come under an increasing barrage of criticism recently, not only for specific actions but also for their generally undemocratic procedures in selecting members, their lack of sensitivity to community interests, and their loss of effectiveness as policy-making bodies of America's nongovernmental service agencies for health care, education and culture.

Historically, the criteria for membership on boards of trustees were based on economic logic. When a community discovered a social need and organized to take remedial steps, those able and willing to furnish the funds necessary to accomplish the purpose were the obvious candidates for leadership through membership on the governing body. Thus around a century ago, the founders of what are today America's great voluntary hospitals established the institutions which were to serve them in time of illness, and incidentally to serve the poor as well. Opera companies, orchestras and art museums were similarly established by rich music lovers or art fanciers. Having indicated their commitment with their checkbooks, these men were the logical ones to decide how the money they donated or solicited from others was to be spent.

But times have changed and the American society has become increasingly unwilling to leave the solution of its pressing problems to the generosity or, more accurately, the whims of the rich. In the order of urgency of its citizens' needs for food, shelter, clothing and medical care, the government supplanted charity as sponsor of programs providing minimum requirements, and what used to be considered an obligation of the rich to the poor became a right under law for all those in need. Tax revenues replaced voluntary gifts as the source of subsistence funds for the poor, the sick, the handicapped and the homeless.

As an example of this transition, I can give my own experience as a member of the board of trustees of one of New York's voluntary hospitals. When I became a trustee in the 1930s, the institution had about 600 beds. Its annual budget approximated $4 million, of which a little more than $1 million came from philanthropy. The remaining $3 million was paid by the patients, by the municipality, or by such insurance plans as Blue Cross which were in their early stages of development. Thirty years later, the same hospital has perhaps 800 beds, only some 200 more than in the 1930s. Next year's operating budget is $80 million, of which less than $1 million will now come from organized philanthropy. And the truth is that even this money, though welcome, is not required, because Blue Cross, Medicaid, the city, the state, the federal government and the patients themselves pay in the funds necessary to balance this imposing expenditure.

Under these vastly changed conditions, has the character of the hospital's governing body, its board of trustees, changed? It has not. It still consists entirely of socially minded members of the upper economic class, all of the same religion, with precisely the same qualifications as thirty years ago. There are no Negroes on the board, no labor leaders, no staff members of the institution, no doctors, and as for community representation, not a single member of the board even lives in the borough of New York where the hospital is located. Board members, exactly as in the past, are selected by other board members. Such self-perpetuating, undemocratic, nonrepresentative bodies are unlikely to institute reform of their own structures without external pressures.

Nevertheless, the paradoxical truth is that this hospital is excellently run. Its scientific achievements have been recognized and studied in medical schools throughout the country; many distinguished teachers at the nearby affiliated medical school are members of the hospital staff. And perhaps most surprising, the hospital is the medical center and moving force for public health improvement, not only in its immediate locality but in the nearby slum area as well. By all criteria, the hospital is in the forefront of high-quality medical institutions, not only of the city but of the country as a whole.

There is a logical explanation for this apparent contradiction between an anachronistic and outdated governing structure and a modern, high-quality performance. Despite its legal responsibilities under state law and despite a willingness to participate in policy matters, the board of trustees has had virtually nothing to say for years about the direction of the hospital's progress. As medical science steadily improved and cures for ancient diseases were discovered, the key policy decisions depended more and more upon technical knowledge and scientific considerations. Is a new laboratory building required to attract eminent scientists to the staff? "Absolutely necessary," says the body of physicians that heads the hospital's medical staff. What layman will argue against this judgment? And since the government, foundations or other sources can be induced to finance the proposed structure, the trustees dutifully vote to confirm a decision in which they really took no part.

In practice, the hospital's director, himself a physician, together with the specialists who act as full-time chiefs of the various hospital divisions, formulate the policy. Decisions are not made at board meetings; they are approved there. This sham on the exercise of responsibility has

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maintained a medical institution of high quality because, fortunately, the men who really make the decisions, the experts on the medical staff, have so far had excellent judgment.

It may be thought that this anomalous situation prevails especially in hospitals which obviously are dependent on special skills and scientific knowledge. But it is not so. The board of trustees of Columbia University is legally responsible for the conduct of that institution. Does anyone believe that this group of well-intentioned men, meeting occasionally to discuss such weighty educational problems as the marketing of filter cigarettes, was aware of the campus tensions which exploded into riots in the spring of 1968? The decisions which set off the spark—the location of a gymnasium in a city park and all the subsidiary issues—were taken by the administration. They were perhaps confirmed by the board of trustees, but certainly not understood in all of their ramifications by its individual members.

Student grievances were not aired before the body responsible for the university's conduct because student representatives are not admitted to board meetings. Nor is it likely that institutional administrators would report significant unrest to the body which employs them, since such reports might be judged to reflect adversely on their performances. "Dissent" is a dirtier word at board meetings than some of the four-letter expletives that characterize student rhetoric. So trustees learn of student unrest from headlines. The governing board at Columbia, as at Harvard and other colleges, concerns itself with money, not education. Many trustees know how to supervise large security portfolios and extensive real estate holdings, and those few members assigned to finance committees unquestionably perform a useful function. But though all this wealth may make education possible, it is not the core of education.

Lack of trustee contact with component segments of social institutions is not limited to higher education and medical care. When the huge complex that now constitutes Lincoln Center in New York City was in the planning stage, an eminent board of trustees was assembled. Headed by John Rockefeller III, it included some of the city's most prestigious names. Among the policy makers for this center for the performing arts was just one man with direct experience in theatrical production. As he attended meeting after meeting, at which discussion centered on the problems of fund raising, land acquisition, and construction, he continued to ask his associates: "When it is all built, what are you going to present in it?" There were plans, of course, to house the Metropolitan Opera Co., the New York Philharmonic Symphony, the New York City Ballet, and a repertory theatre with vague objectives and even vaguer plans. But none of these enterprises could operate fifty-two weeks of the year, and the trustee with producing experience continued to pose the question, how year-around expenses were to be met by part-time attractions without raising ticket prices to levels only the rich could afford. But the immediate problems of erecting the complex assumed priority over plans as to what would be done within its halls, once erected. Finally, the producer told his colleagues, in effect: "Look, you people are interested in real estate development and money, and I'm interested in the theatre. You go your way and I'll go mine."

Lincoln Center, which was planned to cost $60 million, has to date cost $178 million and the end is not in sight. The Philharmonic Symphony performs in an auditorium that provides fewer seats than did its former home at Carnegie Hall, and where acoustics are not as good. The repertory company, which uses the Vivian Beaumont Theater, has passed from one disastrous season to another with accompanying changes of managerial talent. The Metropolitan Opera, in a hall with about the same capacity as its ancient baroque home, has been forced to raise ticket prices; and even when an opera lover scrapes up the money, it's almost impossible for him to secure tickets. Nor has the new scale of prices solved that company's enormous deficit problem. As a result of this overall lack of foresight, the chairman of the board's executive committee recently stated that the Center is "bleeding badly." The president and operating head of the complex for the last seven years, the composer Dr. William Schuman, recently resigned. Activities that were planned as summer attractions are being curtailed for lack of funds, and the huge halls will remain dark for even longer periods than previously.

In various American cities, including Los Angeles, Houston and Washington, huge cultural centers are now being erected, supposedly to satisfy the pent-up artistic thirsts, for the most part as yet unevidenced, of the citizenry. One wonders if their respective boards have planned precisely what is going to be presented in those imposing monuments.

My subject has been the irresponsibility of well-intentioned men which sometimes, as in the case at Columbia, borders on the absurd. In *The Closed Corporation*, James Ridgeway, examining the activities of many individual trustees of various major educational institutions, goes much further. He cites, until the reader's mind boggles, case after case of conflict of interest between specific businessmen or lawyers who sit on various university boards of trustees, and who use the diverse facets of these institutions to further their own fortunes or the fortunes of their clients. Various committees of the Congress have been investigating the affairs of the multiplying foundations, to determine whether the laws are adequate for the regulations of these tax-exempt repositories of excess wealth. But I am concerned less with rascality than with unrepresentative, uninformed and undemocratic irresponsibility, and one need look no further than the activities of the boards of America's 22,000 foundations, which distribute some $1.2 billion annually, to discover examples *ad nauseam* of these qualities. A few foundations, the very largest, are served by boards who insist that their annual activities be fully reported to the public, and accountings of receipts and expenditures are available on request to all interested. But the vast bulk of foundations conduct their affairs in privacy tantamount to secrecy. The president of one of the best conducted foundations, the Carnegie Corporation of New York, wrote recently:

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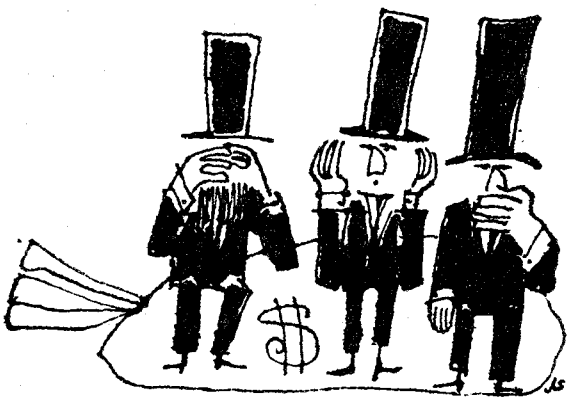
One would have to question whether there is to be found today in most foundation boards an adequate variety of trustee experience with current problems of the society. A study of board membership would probably reveal that trustees are largely drawn from the same social class, the same age group, the same professions, the same educational background, the same sex, and the same race.

In fact, the trustees of foundations are frequently drawn from the same small panel of people who are trustees of the operating institutions in the fields of medical care, education and culture. It is hardly surprising that hungry institutions should invite to their boards foundation trustees who determine the flow of tremendous sums of money.



The most desirable candidate, of course, when he is still living, is the man who set up the foundation, since he is most likely to dictate the ultimate destination of the funds.

The Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N.J., recently polled the trustees of some 500 public and private schools. The returns indicate that the typical college trustee is white, Protestant, in his 50s, a politically moderate Republican; more than half of them earn at least $30,000 a year. The majority of the 5,000 trustees who responded believe that faculties should have little power in decision making and students still less. Great daring is hardly needed to predict that if the survey is repeated in a few years, these views will have changed—or else.

The historical reasons why the rich dominate these boards has already been explained; the fact that they tend to be monolithic in religious composition is also based on history. Fund raising in America has been largely along sectarian lines because emotional appeals to donors are heightened by religious zeal. Thus the Jews, who have developed the most efficient and highly organized fund-raising organizations in those cities where they form a significant proportion of the population, have always based their drives on the necessity "to take care of their own," lest any onerous burden for which they could be held responsible fall upon other segments of the community. The Catholics, also outside the mainstream of the American Protestant establishment and under guidance of Church and lay leaders as well, have raised money for the parochial school system, the Catholic universities and some of America's largest hospitals. But in many cases progress, events and practices have rendered this sectarian emphasis irrelevant.

The patients in America's Jewish hospitals are not all Jewish, nor mainly Jewish, nor any more Jewish than the community surrounding the hospital. Nor is the staff of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center largely Presbyterian. There are Jewish and Catholic doctors there, and nurses and attendants of every faith under the sun. Nor are patients barred from admission to any of the sectarian hospitals by reason of religious belief. St. Vincent's Hospital in New York has non-Catholic doctors, non-Catholic patients and non-Catholic staff members; specifically, it has a Jewish administrator. This institution has added non-Catholic members to its board of trustees in recognition of changing times. Presbyterian Hospital, too, has a few non-Protestant board members; but for the most part the boards of the major Jewish hospitals in New York are still self-segregated.

So the picture emerges of boards of trustees of colleges, hospitals, museums, foundations and other invaluable institutions which are dominated by men in the highest economic class, usually of one religion, and rarely including a single dissident voice to upset the calm deliberations which confirm the staff-formulated decisions as to how the institution's affairs will be conducted.

What should be done to make these governing bodies, or at least these bodies with the legal responsibility for governing, relevant to today's needs? It might seem logical to suggest that trustees representative of the different segments of our society should be selected by democratic processes, but in truth, chaos would result. Boards consisting of strident spokesmen for warring special-interest groups could turn well-conducted institutions into organizations resembling New York City's strife-torn public schools. The more democratically a board reflected every divergent viewpoint, the more paralysis would seize its functions. This is not to say that the present totally unrepresentative format should be maintained. One solution that seems to promise an orderly transition to boards of greater relevance would be gradually to add members representing interested parties, but to hold the majority control in present hands until the new members were thoroughly indoctrinated, and their interests in the institution's progress grew to balance their earlier commitment to whatever special group they represented.

Let us suppose that every college appointed two student leaders as trustees with full voting rights during the students' terms of office. These young people would serve only a year, or at most two. They would learn much and be in a position to communicate with the student body; and from all evidence of the way campus crises have been handled, the trustees would discover, somewhat in advance of the seizure of the Administration Building, that student grievances existed. Let us suppose, further, that two faculty members were added to the boards for limited terms, possibly even two institutional staff workers who were selected by their union if one was present, or at least by some selection process assuring that they were in fact representative. There would then be six new trustees who, even if they all voted together, would not form a majority. Nonetheless, their voices would be heard, and their arguments would have some influence on decision making.

In like manner, hospital boards would include a couple

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of staff doctors; one, perhaps, a senior attending doctor, and the other an intern. Adding representatives of patients might be more difficult, but certainly a method could be devised. And as in the case of colleges, a pair of staff employees should also be able to raise their voices at board discussions.

Institutional administrators might not welcome this kind of reform. Certainly their jobs would be less easy if decisions affecting different interest groups were subject to long debate. And not only would administrators lose time from their routine duties; board meetings would no longer be so placidly efficient in conducting their business. However, it would seem that in the long run, time would be conserved and efficiency preserved if outcries arose before rather than after major decisions were made. Just what part, if any, the board of trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art played in last winter's "Harlem on My Mind" show and its controversial catalogue I do not know. I do know that here again the money was proffered by an outside source, so the trustees did not have to dig into their own pockets. But the storms of protest that arose from Jews and Negroes alike, once the public was admitted, could hardly have added either to board members' tranquillity or their hopes to conserve time. Neither would I guess that Columbia's embattled trustees saved meeting time by not hearing all points of view in advance of some of their more controversial decisions.

It is considered an honor to be named to the board of trustees of a museum, a great hospital or an educational institution. At the very least, such a nomination recognizes leadership qualities in the individual, usually it is a public symbol of "success," and confirms or even bestows high social status. So seats on these boards are coveted. But the trustees of Columbia, for example, must surely feel that honor accompanied by student and public vituperation has a bitter taste. Nor would it seem necessary to live through that kind of headline-making crisis before examining whether the legal responsibilities of being a trustee were matched by an interest, knowledge and authority sufficient to conscientiously fulfill them. If the majority of institutional trustees conducted an honest and critical self-examination of their roles, they would discover that their lack of participation in the policy-making decisions should render unjust their being held responsible for the outcome. But whose fault is that? They are not bound by chains to their board-room chairs, nor will the public charitably forgive them for not knowing what is going on. If they accept the honor of trusteeship, they will be expected to act responsibly. If each feels secure that his participation in the affairs of his institution assures that his power to fill his duties equals his responsibility, he is in an unassailable position. If not, individual trustees and boards in general had better attempt to reform their own structures so that these conditions can be met. If the apathy of colleagues or the resistance of administrators prevents reform, before the roof falls in and the TV cameras appear, the trustees would be well advised to forgo their purely titular honors and resign.

TRUTH IN PACKAGING

HOW MUCH A POUND?

A. Q. MOWBRAY
Mr. Mowbray's Road to Ruin, *an appraisal of the American highway system, was published this spring by J. B. Lippincott. He is the author also of* The Thumb on the Scale, or the Supermarket Shell Game *(Lippincott).*

It has been eight years since Sen. Philip Hart of Michigan opened his first series of Congressional hearings on truth in packaging. It has been more than two years since President Johnson finally signed the so-called truth in packaging bill. But after more than five years of agonizing in the Congress and more than two years of tooling up to administer the packaging law, the federal government is nearly as far from solving the problem as it was at the beginning.

Consumer complaints that poured in upon Senator Hart's Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee painted a picture of confusion and deception that made the carnival pitchman look like a model of candor. There was the mystery of such meaningless gabble as "giant," "king" and "jumbo." There was the riddle of the phony "cents-off" promotions. There was the enigma of the undefined and unmeasurable "serving." There was the puzzle of how to find the obscure statement of net contents amid all the razzle-dazzle on the box. Finally, and by far the most perplexing, there was the problem of how to calculate the price.

The Fair Packaging and Labeling Act of 1966 did give some aid to the consumer. The size of his serving may no longer be the manufacturer's trade secret: he must reveal it to the shopper. The statement of net contents must now appear in a designated location on the package, and it must be stated in a type size that facilitates reading. But that is nearly all. "Jumbo," "king" and "mammoth" remain with us; the cents-off circus goes on unabated. Worst of all, it is still all but impossible for the housewife —unless she is a lightning calculator—to compare prices.

The cents off, the jumbo sizes, and the other artful devices of the marketing "profession" were always peripheral to the central issue in truth in packaging. They were irritating and frustrating, perhaps, but their total levy upon the housewife's purse was probably never severe. The central problem has always been the inability of the shopper to determine the price per unit of all those supermarket allurements. It is on this issue that truth in

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packaging must stand or fall, and it is here that the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act has failed.

The price of a bag of potato chips containing 9½ ounces is all but meaningless. Only the *unit* price, that is, the price *per pound* enables the shopper to compare the cost of one size of bag with another, or one brand with another. But if 9½ ounces cost 69c, how much does one pound cost? Who can tell?

But potato chip manufacturers prefer to vie with one another in advertising claims, not on price. Their claim is that the values they put into their chips are so special it would be misleading for the housewife to compare and to buy on the basis of price. It is tempting to believe, however, that one brand of potato chips is very much like another, and that the quality differences concocted by their advertising agencies are illusory. If the housewife can compare prices and buy the least expensive brand she kills the whole game.

One is forced to the conclusion, therefore, that the odd-weight packages which dominate the supermarkets are intentionally designed to frustrate price shopping. They give the manufacturer another advantage: if the price of his raw material rises, he can reduce the contents of his package instead of raising the price; the shopper is usually unaware of any change. This sleight of hand is known as "packaging-to-price" and is a very effective marketing tool.

Odd-weight packaging also allows the store manager to cheat his customers, a temptation that many have been unable to suppress. Since the customer cannot discover the base price, the manager can charge a higher unit price for the large "economy" size. Many housewives, led to believe that "economy" means less expensive, fall for this little fleecing operation.

When Senator Hart first took his truth in packaging bill to Congress, he warned that such practices were undermining free enterprise. As every schoolboy knows, that system is one in which manufacturers compete for the consumer's dollar on the basis of greater quality for a lower price. When the price is concealed, the system breaks down.

The Senator asked in his proposed legislation that the Food and Drug Administration and the Federal Trade Commission be empowered to set standards for the net contents of packages. Cookies and crackers, for example, which were then crowding the shelves of supermarkets in more than seventy different sizes, might be restricted to, say, half-pound, one-pound and two-pound packages. The price per pound could then be determined quickly by the least mathematical of shoppers. That is not to say that everyone would necessarily choose on the basis of price alone; quality, flavor, family preferences are obvious factors. But price would become one basis for decision.

Who could argue with such a sensible idea? The manufacturers could and did, with all the force of the nation's most powerful industry behind them. For the government to set packaging standards, they said, would be one more step toward dictatorial domination of business by Washington. Standardization, they said, would curb the inventiveness of package designers and inhibit the useful innovations that pour from their cornucopia. Artfully playing upon the connotation of regimentation inherent in the idea of standardization, their public relations flacks alarmed the public with visions of a statist supermarket, drab with numbing conformity, its customers shuffling in lock step among shelves stocked with uniform rows of olive-drab boxes.

Other apologists for the industry had the nerve to insist, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that packages were already so sized and priced that anyone should be able to make cost comparisons with ease. "My kid is in the 7th grade," said one of these to Senator Hart, "and she can do it."

Amid the smoke screen of idiocy and insult comprising most of the industry opposition to the Hart measure, there was an occasional grain of validity. One of these was that standard package sizes, rather than standard net contents, make more sense in some product lines. In canned soups, for example, efficiency demands a uniform can. But each variety of soup has a slightly different density, that is, a different weight per unit volume, and you cannot have it both ways.

But when the defenders of the *status quo* attempt to extend this argument to include cartons of detergent, boxes of cereal and bags of potato chips, they are on shakier ground. The densities of such materials are much more subject to control by the manufacturer, the economic advantage of uniform package size is less apparent, the fill tolerances are not nearly so stringent, and the machinery that fills the carton in the factory is easily adjustable from one size of carton to another. The argument has merit but, in the face of the overriding necessity for the shopper to know the price, not much.

After chewing upon the question for more than five years, Congress came down on the side of industry. The Fair Packaging and Labeling Act of 1966 puts the

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problem back into the lap of the manufacturers, whence it came. The law requires that the Secretary of Commerce shall study the supermarket shelves. If he discovers a product for which an "undue proliferation" of net contents makes price determination difficult for the shopper, he is to ask industry to come forward voluntarily and write standards for such packages. The manufacturers are under no legal compulsion either to write the standards or to observe them if written. If they do not, however, the Secretary of Commerce is instructed to so inform the Congress and to recommend additional legislation.

In all fairness, it must be noted that standards are finally being written. The Commerce Department has compiled a list of twenty-eight commodities for which standards have been developed, ranging from adhesive bandages to toothpaste, and they are to become effective during 1969. It remains to be seen how much they will ease the problem of calculating unit prices.

Cookies and crackers, for example, are a product line that was the target of scathing criticism from consumers during Senator Hart's hearings. The new standard, effective the first of this year, puts no restrictions on packages containing less than 4 ounces. For packages between 4 and 8 ounces, the contents must be in 1/4-ounce increments. Between 8 and 16 ounces, the weight must be in ½-ounce increments. Above 16 ounces, it must be in 1-ounce increments. The consumer will still have to choose between the 7-1/4-ounce box and the 9½-ounce box.

In dry detergents, there is a drastic reduction in proliferation, from twenty-four sizes to only six. But the standard sizes selected are 20, 22, 49, 54, 84 and 92 ounces. Where is the one-pound box, the two-pound or the five-pound box?

Jellies and preserves are now restricted to jars containing 10, 12, 16, 18, 20, 24, 28, 32, 48 and 64 ounces. That is a reduction, the Department of Commerce proudly points out, from sixteen to only ten sizes. But are ten sizes really necessary? The object of this exercise, it seems necessary to repeat, is not only to reduce the number of sizes by 37 per cent but also to facilitate price calculation. From the standpoint of the penny-conscious housewife the situation seems to be changing from impossible to merely very difficult.

One last example. Two-ply toilet tissues must now be packaged in sizes of 250, 325, 330, 375, 425, 450 and 500 sheets per roll. Can anyone reasonably be expected to compare the unit price of a 325-sheet roll with that of a 450-sheet roll? Perhaps we are being unfair to the toilet tissue makers. Perhaps there is a manufacturer somewhere who has been making toilet paper for three generations, and his machinery is peculiarly adapted to the 330-sheet roll. If we try to force him into the 500-sheet roll, he will be ruined. We cannot know all these things. One thing we *do* know, however, is that standardization is not proving to be the solution to untruth in packaging. The supermarket shell game goes on.

At least one legislator believes it could be stopped. On March 7, Sen. Gaylord Nelson introduced a bill to amend the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act. His bill waves aside all the anguish and drudgery of setting size standards for each of the hundreds of products in the supermarket, and goes directly to the matter of unit prices. It requires simply that the unit price must be marked on the package. Dry products would be marked with the price per ounce or per pound; liquid products with the price per pint or quart; such products as toilet tissue with the price per hundred or per thousand.

Is it feasible? It is already being done, of course, on meat, fish and poultry. But requiring two price stamps on each package (the price of the package and the unit price) would increase the burden on the retailer. Conceivably, this could result in a decrease in package size proliferation, as the additional arithmetic and stamping educates the retailer in the beauty of simplicity. What the store refuses to stock, the manufacturer will cease to produce.

As far as the consumer is concerned, if unit prices are required the manufacturer can be free to indulge his most esoteric whim in measuring contents. The 7-1/4-ounce box of cookies will nevermore have the power to confuse. If it is marked 49c per pound, it is readily compared with the 11½-ounce box marked 53c per pound.

Additional movement is discernible in Congress. The new consumer subcommittee in the Senate Commerce Committee, chaired by Sen. Frank Moss of Utah, is planning "oversight" hearings on the packaging law later this summer. The inadequacy of the law has been common talk ever since its passage in 1966, and the subcommittee apparently expects to examine both the provisions of the law and the zeal with which it has been administered. It is to be hoped that Senator Nelson's bill requiring unit pricing will get the attention it deserves, both in Congress and in the nation's news media. Package standardization has failed. Unit pricing is the answer.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 714)*

isn't interested in correcting the situation in a hurry), estimated that it might take eight years.

(2) Drs. Morgan and Andrews claim that the estimates of their expenditures are overblown by 300 per cent. The figures quoted by *The Nation* ($3.5 million) are the same figures used, correctly or not, by the Associated Press and by the Charleston *Gazette-Mail*. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* uses the general figure, "several million." That makes us 400 per cent in agreement.

(3) They deny ever saying that black lung—or the symptoms of black lung, to be more exact—is linked to cigarette smoking. One of the most eminent doctors in West Virginia (not one of the embattled "Circus," by the way) told me that Dr. Morgan insisted on this point in a private conference. Dr. Morgan has expanded on this in an interview in the magazine *U. S. Medicine*, issue of Jan. 1, 1969, among other places. As for Dr. Andrews, if I am mistaken about his position I am not alone, for the Jan. 7 *New York Times* reports: "Over the weekend Dr. Wells sent a sharp letter to Dr. Charles Andrews. . . . The letter said [Dr. Andrews] had supported the opinion that cigarette smoking caused the black lung. It also questioned whether his motivations had been affected by 'pressures and interests unworthy of any member of an academic institution.'" (This letter rather shatters the idea that there is harmony and mutual admiration between the opposing groups of doctors.)

Robert G. Sherrill

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Variations on a Theme by Marx

LENIN ON POLITICS AND REVOLUTION: Selected Writings. *Edited and introduced by James E. Connor. Pegasus. 375 pp. $7.95. Paper $2.95.*

ENCOUNTERS WITH LENIN. *By Nikolay Valentinov. Translated by Paul Rosta and Brian Pearce. Foreword by Leonard Schapiro. Oxford University Press. 273 pp. $7.*

LENIN'S LAST STRUGGLE. *By Moshe Lewin. Translated by A. M. Sheridan Smith. Pantheon Books. 193 pp. $4.95.*

JOHN M. CAMMETT

Mr. Cammett teaches history at John Jay College and is the author of Antonio Gramsci and the Origins of Italian Communism *(Stanford University Press).*

"Marxism's a groove but Russia's a drag, right?" Just fifty years after the October Revolution someone in Michigan said this to the National Conference of the SDS. Lenin brought it all together but his name is not celebrated in New Left circles as are those of Mao, Ho, Che and Fidel, let alone Father Marx. Even he could not entirely overcome the burden of Russian history. Still, the academicians and the *epigones* of the old Left continue to recognize his uniqueness.

Of the three books under consideration here, one is an attempt to put Lenin's "essence" within the covers of a small volume. The others deal with short but crucial episodes in the great man's life.

James Connor's *Lenin on Politics and Revolution* is a useful textbook because it contains ample material to show the course of Lenin's development as a revolutionary and politician. "What Is To Be Done?," "Two Tactics of Social Democracy, Imperialism, State and Revolution," and "'Left-Wing' Communism" constitute most of the book, but there are thirteen additional selections. None of the pieces is presented *in toto* since the editor has chosen to eliminate references to "men, parties, organizations, and programs that are familiar often only to the specialist in Russian history." This method is perhaps defensible pedagogically, but it has its dangers intellectually. Lenin's doctrine was conceived as a response to a specific *mise en scène*—the role of social democracy in Czarist Russia. Certainly a good part of his work, especially the writings after 1914, has a broader applicability. But we must be very sure of the context before interpretation. The old *Little Lenin Library* was somewhat better in this respect than is the Little Red Book of Mao.

The anthology itself is good; however, Connor's introduction does raise some serious questions. It is grounded on two theses: (*1*) that "events had begun to contradict Marx's predictions," and (*2*) that "Lenin took the first step in transforming Marxism into an ideology for underdeveloped areas." Connor's first point rests on his belief that Marx had propounded a theory of absolute impoverishment which was contradicted by real economic developments after 1890, and that Marx consistently asserted a theory of class polarization as a function of developing capitalism. But as Ernest Mandel and others have recently shown, the theory of absolute impoverishment is not to be found in Marx, even though many Marxists and non-Marxists too believe it is there. Matters are also not so simple with regard to Marx's alleged claim that society was becoming ever more polarized between bourgeoisie and proletariat. Here the evidence is tricky and sometimes contradictory. However, Martin Nicolaus has recently pointed out in articles in *Studies on the Left* and *New Left Review* that the "clearest statement of Marx's theory of the middle class" is his critique of Ricardo in Volume II of the *Theories of Surplus Value*. Here Marx asserts that "what he [Ricardo] forgets to emphasize is the constant increase of the middle classes, who stand in the middle between the workers on one side and the capitalists and landed proprietors on the other side. . . ."

In this connection, Connor gives far too much weight to the "Bernsteinian Revision." As long ago as 1952, Peter Gay convincingly and sympathetically demonstrated the theoretical weaknesses in Eduard Bernstein's *Evolutionary Socialism*. These points are stressed here both because it seems important that a general introduction of this kind take account of more recent scholarship and also because a correct evaluation of the essence of Marxism is necessary in order to establish what Lenin contributed to it.

This brings us to Connor's second thesis: that Lenin began the transformation of Marxism into "an ideology for underdeveloped areas." Although this smacks rather too much of present-mindedness, I have no doubt there is something in it. Connor suggests three respects in which Lenin brought about this transformation, and here he raises more problems than he solves. First, Lenin "introduced the concept of a weak or immature bourgeoisie." He did no such thing. This concept is central to Friedrich Engels' *Germany: Revolution and Counter-Revolution* (1851-52) and is implicit in the *Manifesto*'s assertion that "the bourgeois revolution [in Germany] will be but the prelude to an immediately following proletarian revolution."

Second, says Professor Connor, "Lenin sketched out a revolutionary role for the peasantry," whereas other Marxists regarded this class "at best as an historical backwater and at worst as a bulwark of reaction." Let it be noted that Lenin retained such uncharitable thoughts about the peasants until the end of his life. True enough, he did contribute much to the theory of a revolutionary peasantry, but he was not the only or first Marxist to raise this question. In 1875, Engels declared that a Russian revolution "possibly started by the upper classes of the capital, even perhaps by the government itself, must be rapidly carried further, beyond the first constitutional phase, by the peasants. . . ." Of course this is rather uncannily close to what actually did happen. Connor's third point is that Lenin "suggested a revolution in a country that had not yet fully passed through its capitalist stage of development," whereas it was a Marxist "article of faith that the proletarian revolution would erupt first in the most advanced countries." Again I refer to the suggestion in the *Manifesto* that an imminent proletarian revolution was more likely in Germany than elsewhere, although in 1848 it was far behind England in its development. There is also Engels' speculation in 1875 that a peasant revolution could take place in Russia but could attain a Socialist character "only if a proletarian revolution is successfully carried out in Western Europe." This is exactly what Lenin believed at least until the end of 1920.

Lenin's theory of revolution is naturally the central problem of the other two books under discussion. Nicolay Vladislavovich Volsky (Valentinov), who died in Paris in 1964 at the age of 85, had the opportunity of working very closely with Lenin in Geneva from January to September of the crucial year 1904. Although the title and jacket blurb are not very explicit about it, nearly the entire book is devoted to the story of these "encounters" in that year. Moshe Lewin, who was born in Poland in 1921 and now lives in France, concentrates his study on the last few months of 1922

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and the first 100 days of 1923 after which Lenin's political activity came to an end.

In quite different ways, both books come to grips with Connor's thesis of Leninism as an ideology for underdeveloped areas. More concretely, there are three interrelated facets of this problem. First, to what extent is the period of Valentinov's encounters—the period of "What is to be Done?" of the "Steps" and the "Tactics"—the premise of the October Revolution and the first years of the Soviet experiment? Second, what does each of these periods tell us about Lenin's role in the development of theories of revolution for the West and for the East? Third, how did Lenin's own personality, career and ideas affect the history of our century? Valentinov's answer to the first query is complicated and necessarily contradictory. Clearly from this account, Lenin in 1904 had never considered the idea of different roads to socialism or of "skipping stages" on that road. For all the Russian revolutionaries, socialism was "Europeanism." "By the end of the nineties," wrote Volsky-Valentinov, "I personally knew nobody, with the exception of one person [not Lenin], who shared the populist view that it was possible to pass from the autocratic system to . . . the building of socialism. . . ."

To be sure, much of Lenin's extraordinary contribution to revolutionary thought and party organization had already been made in this early period, but it centered on the importance of *consciousness* in preparing the revolutionary situation which would be basically similar throughout the world. Now this emphasis on consciousness or "voluntarism" was itself a "Europeanism" of the time, as H. Stuart Hughes has shown in his *Consciousness and Society*. Lenin was precocious in his attack on the vulgar determinism of European social democracy, but before World War I we can discern the same current of thought in many of the European social democratic movements.

Nevertheless, Valentinov does insist that Lenin's conception of voluntarism as formulated around 1904 led directly to the October Revolution and to the establishment of the Soviet dictatorship. He writes most interestingly of Lenin's fascination with Jacobinism, defined by the latter as "a struggle to achieve the end in view, with no shying away from drastic plebeian measures, a struggle without kid gloves, without tenderness, without fear of resorting to the guillotine . . . rejection of the Jacobin method of struggle leads quite logically to rejection of the dictatorship of the proletariat, that is, of the coercion which . . . is indispensable for securing the victory of the socialist revolution."

Volsky also sees Lenin's personal dogmatism and ruthlessness as basic ingredients of the future Soviet state. His break with the Bolshevik leader in September 1904 resulted from a violent clash over the epistemology of Mach, Avenarius and Bogdanov whom Lenin then regarded as "philosophical scum." The latter wrote a memorandum on the subject. Here are Volsky's reflections on these notes: "From Lenin's memorandum to his *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* the distance was small, and from this book a straight, well-bulldozed road leads to the official philosophy backed by the G.P.U.-N.K.V.D.-M.G.B."

This is the rhetoric of the cold war. Yet the book as a whole is much less negative than this quotation would indicate. Valentinov admits that Russia's young revolutionaries, including himself, accepted Lenin's "heroic view of history" as a liberating force and a blow for freedom as compared to the economic determinism of "requiem" Marxism. Moreover, he insists that Lenin became more open-minded about philosophical questions after 1915 when he had completed a study of Hegel's *Logic* and other works. Indeed, Valentinov concedes that "by the end of [Lenin's] life his ideas on many matters had undergone a change, and that he had become more open and more tolerant toward others." These qualities are evident in Lenin's later writings and Moshe Lewin's entire book bears testimony to them. Apparently, the Lenin of the revolution was altogether more tolerant and amiable than the Lenin of exile.

Perhaps this was because the nature of his revolution was so uncertain. It was a revolution in the name of socialism but not a Socialist revolution. Lenin himself never had any illusions about this. In March-April 1921 he wrote, "this term Soviet Socialist Republic implies the determination of the Soviet power to achieve the transition to socialism, and not that the existing economic system is recognized as a socialist order." "Socialism," he declared, "is inconceivable without large-scale capitalist engineering based on the latest discoveries of modern science." In February 1922 he avowed that "we have not finished building even the foundations of socialist economy and the hostile powers of moribund capitalism can still deprive us of that . . . we have always urged and reiterated the elementary truth of Marxism—that the joint efforts of the workers of several advanced countries are needed for the victory of socialism."

Of course, the workers of the "advanced countries" did not come to the aid of Soviet Russia. Lenin soon realized, almost alone among the Bolsheviks, that such help was unlikely in the near future. His most complete post-October statement on revolutionary theory is to be found in his speech on "War and Peace," delivered to the Seventh Congress of the Russian Communist Party on March 7, 1918. This was given secretly to forty-six men, and was not published until 1923. Consequently, it is much more explicit than his more usual public addresses.

Lenin makes the following points: (*1*) That the Russian Revolution occurred only because of a "special combination of international circumstances" created by World War I which prevented immediate and full-scale intervention on the part of the imperialist states; (*2*) that in a country like Russia on the periphery of the capitalist world it is "immeasurably easier" to start a revolution but "much more difficult . . . to continue the revolution" than it would be in Western Europe; (*3*) that the Russian Revolution is "hopeless" if it remains alone—"our salvation is an all-European revolution."

But the revolution showed no sign of rapid maturity in the West. There, unlike Russia, it was "absurd to start a revolution without preparation in a country where capitalism is developed, which has produced a democratic culture and organized every man." Thus Lenin concluded his address with deep pessimism. The European revolution "dared to be late" and German imperialism "dared to attack." The Russian Revolution was a holding operation.

Thereafter, the months and years passed. The Bolsheviks continued in power and the European revolution still "dared to be late." Lenin was now on quite unexplored territory. The traditional Marxists demanded that he submit to the laws of history—Russia was not ready for socialism. Lenin responded in both empirical and theoretical ways. "*On s'engage et puis on voit*," he said quoting from Bonaparte. His brilliance in coping with the daily administrative problems of the Soviet regime has been demonstrated in Louis Fischer's engrossing biography. On the theoretical level, Lenin argued that the crisis of World War I, "the complete hopelessness of the situation," made it possible to "create the fundamental requisites of civilization in a different way from that of the West European countries." He did not claim that he was creating "socialism"—only the "prerequisites of civilization."

In the same article, written at the very end of his political career, Lenin observed that "our European philistines never even dream that the subsequent revolutions in Oriental countries . . . will undoubtedly display even greater distinctions than the Russian revolution." For obvious reasons, this passage is not included in a recent Moscow anthology of Lenin's writings on *The Awakening of Asia!*

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At present it is commonly recognized that Lenin and his party had really carried through a dual revolution—a capitalist revolution in the countryside and a potentially Socialist one in the urban centers. This is a main theme of Isaac Deutscher's last work, *The Unfinished Revolution* (Oxford). One of the many tragedies of the Russian Revolution is that the Bolsheviks were forced to play the role of a surrogate capitalist class. They destroyed the power of pre-capitalism in the countryside—a role which the weak and vacillating Russian bourgeoisie of the February Revolution was unwilling to play. Lenin was well aware of this dual role of his party and the dangers which it presented. This idea was a fundamental reason for Lenin's "last struggle."

In mid-1922, the Soviet state was undergoing one of its deepest crises. The civil war had just been terminated, the country was in the midst of a horrendous famine, the New Economic Policy had produced its first crop of *nouveau-riche* kulaks and merchants, and Lenin experienced his first stroke on May 25. He was back on the job by mid-June but only nine more months of political activity remained to him.

Moshe Lewin, also the author of an important study of the Soviet peasantry, argues that Lenin's principal concern in this period was to halt the bureaucratic degeneration of the Soviet state and reform the latter in such a way that the economic, social and cultural building of socialism would be guaranteed. In those months, he elaborated a whole series of far-reaching changes which would have radically altered the structure of the Soviet state. Perhaps even more important, by December he was convinced that his ends could not be attained unless Stalin was removed. Stalin's rough treatment of the Central Committee of the Georgian Communist Party and his inept leadership of the Workers' and Peasants' Inspection were proof of this. The sudden end of Lenin's career and the inadequacies of the other Bolsheviks in his absence halted these plans before much if anything had been accomplished.

Lewin is convincing in his assertion, contrary to Valentinov, that the Stalinist regime was not a "result of the ideas and splits of 1903-1904" but a product "of the events that followed the Revolution." He is probably also right in his belief that "Lenin, acting in concert with Trotsky and others, would have been able to bring Soviet Russia through a less tragic, more rational and, for the cause of socialism, less compromising path." The major flaw in this otherwise brilliant book is Lewin's underestimation of the possibility of a Stalinist-type dictatorship under the conditions of revolution in an industrially backward, mainly peasant country.

Quintessentially English

LECTURES IN AMERICA. *By F. R. and Q. D. Leavis. Pantheon Books. 152 pp. $4.95.*

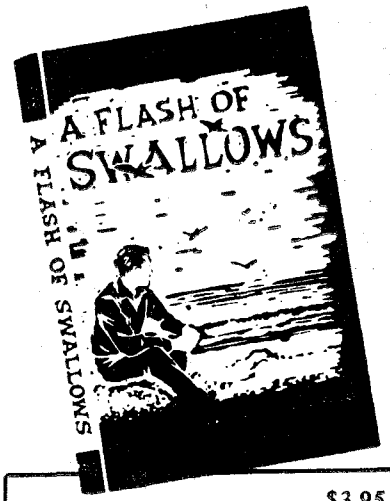
MARTIN GREEN

Mr. Green is an English writer, teaching at present at Tufts University. He is the author of Re-Appraisals: Some Commonsense Readings in American Literature, The Problem of Boston, Mirror for Anglo-Saxons *and* Yeats's Blessings on von Hügel *(all Norton).*

There are three lecture-essays here by F. R. Leavis, one on Eliot, one on Yeats, and one on the Two Cultures; and one by Q. D. Leavis, on *Wuthering Heights*. One wonders what the audiences made of such lectures, so quintessentially English, in subject, style and reference, so remote from the America of the sixties. Not only novelists like Mailer and Barth, or critics like Fiedler, but the more conventional and scholarly work of these years, *all* the major literary energies of our time, are engaged in enterprises on which the Leavises' work no longer constitutes a comment. Of course the England of the sixties is pretty remote from them too. But for an Englishman, whether or not he was once a Leavisite (and we nearly all were), they remain relevant, in a poignant and tormenting way.

I'm amazed, reading Leavis now, to remember how anti-academic he seemed —no doubt was—when I first read him and heard him as an undergraduate. He seemed then different from other teachers and critics in that he connected things up, that he always had larger things in view. Nowadays he seems almost the most notable example of the squirrel in the cage, swinging and darting deftly between bars never more than 12 inches apart.

Not that these bars are the conventions of scholarship. They are rather the preoccupations of paranoia. But they have the same effect. The performance is, as a piece of style, extremely vivid and authoritative—the performance was always half what made him seem different. What a vivid, eccentric book of impressions he might have written about this visit. But, than what he did write, it seems more worth discussing Q. D.



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— W. R. Eversen

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Leavis' essay, so much plainer but about something.

This is a good example of good *Scrutiny* criticism. It dismisses a lot of nonsense about *Wuthering Heights*, rejects the unprofitable critical approaches to it, and makes clear evaluative distinctions between its constitutive elements; in effect it throws away much of the book as aesthetically unsalvageable. Thus Mrs. Leavis turns her nose up at the more flamboyant rhetoric, refuses to take seriously The Moors and much of the nature-symbolism, and turns away from Heathcliff as a botched job. She points out (something I'd never seen) that Heathcliff must have been, at some level of Emily Brontë's intention and some stage in the novel's planning, the illegitimate son of Mr. Earnshaw, smuggled into the family incognito, and so the incestuous half-brother of Catherine, and the sibling supplanter of his legitimate brother Hindley. And she points clearly to the book's real achievement and center of interest, Catherine.

All this is done very plainly and without even much backbiting or belittling of other critics. That peacefulness could hardly be called a typical *Scrutiny* virtue, but the plainness—which might seem an equally paradoxical item under that heading—*that*, I think, is. At least one-half of the *Scrutiny* gospel was common sense, and it expresses itself methodologically in the copious reference to social and historical and biographical facts around the text. Mrs. Leavis is particularly fond of folklore details. Those I don't think very profitably related to *Wuthering Heights*, but the biographical remarks I did find illuminating.

On the other hand, this is not very exciting criticism. It doesn't move very fast or make very vivid connections. The principal "idea" Mrs. Leavis develops is the likeness between the subject of *Wuthering Heights* and that of *Jules et Jim*. This is developed over several pages, and the main meaning derived from it is both foreseeable and deniable. Mrs. Leavis claims that when you put the two novels side by side you see (a) that *Jules et Jim* is about and by much more sophisticated and emancipated people; (b) that it is much less interesting as a work of art and as a judgment on human experience; (c) that the relation between the first and second propositions is genetic or causal. M. Roché's characters, and M. Roché himself, having repudiated traditional morality, can no longer respond fully, complexly, *delicately*, to their own emotions and behavior. "Delicately" is the prototypical *Scrutiny* word of praise, and it seems to me now just honorific. That whole rhetoric seems to me now artificial.

Again I am surprised to remember how convincing such criticism once seemed. The same line of reasoning, after all, is implicit in most of F. R. Leavis' work. Usually, of course, it *is* more convincing there. There are several pairs of novels that *do* contrast in that way, and Leavis found them out, and made them illuminate each other. But as a general proposition, about the nature of modern art, the argument is surely a fraud. Everything depends on how you select your examples. I would engage to find pairs in which the complex and delicate partner was the more emancipated and sophisticated one. As a general proposition, the argument nowadays mainly makes me realize the pathos of being British. For it is essentially a pathetic paradox, isn't it, to find such patterns in modern art? It amounts to forbidding the tide to flow. And in the arts, particularly in literature, this has been the British paradox. Surely in every other (Western) country, Leavisite moralism in art criticism, over the last thirty years, is unimaginable. Even in Britain, of course, it belongs to the past. But there alone it is still in some sense alive, and could perhaps be fostered and brought forward into the present. That is the relevance of the Leavises to us, that is *our* complex fate, the challenge to try to do that.

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SIMON AND SCHUSTER

So It Goes

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE or The Children's Crusade. *By Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Delacorte Press. 186 pp. $5.95.*

PETER ROWLEY

Mr. Rowley has written for New Statesman, The Economist, The New Republic *and* Catholic Digest. *He is currently at work on a novel.*

Slaughterhouse-Five is admirable proof that the novel is not dead but alive and developing in technique and imaginative skill. It is a charming pacifist novel combining satiric science fiction, the horror of Dresden and the boredom of American suburban life.

The hero is one Billy Pilgrim, a well-off optometrist, who—like Vonnegut—has survived the bombing of Dresden. He was an American prisoner of war, temporarily locked up in an underground meat locker. Since time is divided into past, present and future, Billy similarly lives on three levels—the German city in 1945; Ilium, N. Y., in 1968, and the planet of Tralfamadore where there is no time in the conventional sense.

Like so much modern fiction there is no chronological beginning, middle or end. Vonnegut tells us of episodes in Billy's life in almost roulette fashion. Yet there is a core to the book with an orderly plot—the step-by-step account of how the hero is captured and subsequently imprisoned in the shelter below the holocaust.

In the "present" time level and that of Tralfamadore events are scattered and superficially unexplainable, as they often are in real life. As Tolstoy points out in *War and Peace*, the further into the past an event recedes, the more inevitable it appears to have been. Billy's death is told us before the end of the book.

Perhaps the only flaw in *Slaughterhouse* is a slightly disconcerting coyness at the beginning.

Principally this book is a success—the best novel I've read this year—because of the humor, humanity and perception of the author. Dresden is important, was largely forgotten, and is now being rediscovered (partly thanks to Vonnegut—what irony that a work of unreality should alert us to the reality of those 135,000 deaths).

His bitterness is reasonable, not excessive; his treatment of the characters compassionate. "You know—you never wrote a story with a villain in it," Vonnegut quotes his father saying to him. [I should add that there is a fourth level of action and time in the book which

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are Vonnegut's periodic brief asides about himself.]

And perhaps most important here is the author's light touch. Though one might argue that such an approach to such a deadly subject is only replacing horror with laughter and therefore hardening our attitudes to war, it is more probable that we have suppressed Dresden from our thoughts and that Vonnegut's humor is a practical method of bringing it to our attention. After an atrocity Vonnegut writes, "So it goes," and ends the book with the bird call "Poo-tee-weet?"

In some ways the cleverest aspect of this book is the skill with which Vonnegut makes sympathetic the central character who fights a war, sends his son into the Green Berets, and is a right-wing American politically. He is also the classic victim. Billy is US. His lack of knowledge is the cause of his troubles, and by implication if only enough Americans read this book and others on war (Vietnam and earlier) they would not allow them to happen.

Slaughterhouse-Five is Vonnegut's second best book. His last novel, *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*, was sharper because it described with greater penetration one character who was absurd because of his vast wealth, and touching as he tried to rid himself of it. Billy is too generalized a character. The most brilliant piece of writing in *Slaughterhouse* describes bombing as if it were a movie shown backward: "When the bombers got back to their base, the steel cylinders were taken from the racks and shipped back to the United States of America, where factories were operating night and day, dismantling the cylinders, separating the dangerous contents into minerals." Slightly superior is the Fascist U.S. Senator's speech in *God Bless You*, comparing the United States to imperial Rome: "Rome was a paradise for gangsters, perverts, and the lazy working man, just as America is now. As in America now, forces of law and order were openly attacked by mobs, children were disobedient, had no respect for their parents or their country, and no decent woman was safe on any street, even at high noon!"

Vonnegut is the latest in a satiric vein running from Swift through Evelyn Waugh and Ronald Firbank to today's "black humorists." He—like Joseph Heller—has extended the scope of the novel beyond the reportorial into the more imaginative. He has found the right balance between the abstract novel, e.g., William Burroughs' *Nova Express*, and the realistic or "old-school" fiction.

Slaughterhouse is important as a very effective anti-war treatise in a nation singularly addicted recently to the use of force. It is significant too in that finally Vonnegut is getting the recognition he has long merited—the cover of *The New York Times Book Review* and the lead in *Time*'s book section. Though Graham Greene some years ago called him "one of the best living American writers," it is a sad commentary on the harshness of the American cultural climate that such a first-class novelist should so long be ignored. So it goes.

Outspoken

63: DREAM PALACE. *By James Purdy. Read by the author. Directed by Arthur Luce Klein. Spoken Arts. 4 records. List price $23.80.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

Mr. Morris has written a critical study of Anthony Powell (University of Pittsburgh Press) and is working on a book about the contemporary British novel, to be published by Southern Illinois University Press.

The new release of James Purdy reading (complete) his novella, *63: Dream Palace*, while preserving the voice of a significant contemporary and a solid slice of his writing as well, falls somewhat below the ideal one might have envisioned for doing a work of this sort. Not so far below as to cool one's ardor for an ambitious and noble project, but just enough to provoke the question whether, at times, the word is not more forceful or memorable as written, rather than as spoken.

63: Dream Palace (originally published by New Directions) is early, but quintessential Purdy, spun, the author tells us, "out of [his] own experiences in West Virginia and Chicago," and ten years in the writing. Biography, however, is transformed into a supreme fiction that sails close-hauled in one direction to out-and-out naturalism, and in the other to surrealistic fable. As in so much of Purdy we plunge from the opening dialogue—casual, banal, supercivilized and seemingly rational—into a sad, sick, moribund world of lost hopes, failed potentials, and empty futures. Briefly, the novella centers around an innocent country boy, Fenton Riddleway, who comes to the city with his sickly brother, Claire, and to a bad end.

Fenton's life consists of wandering about Chicago, frequenting seamy joints, or tending Claire in a Gothic brownstone on "63 street"—the "dream palace"—owned by a Godot-like entity named Kincaid, and inhabited by bugs and rats and "ghosts." Like the house itself, Fenton undergoes decay and corruption, moving from petty thievery and drifting, to prostitution, perversion, dope taking, and finally the murder of Claire: a child-like, Abel-Christ figure who grows more wasted and visionary as Fenton becomes more victimized and dehumanized. Narrated by a writer *manqué*, Parkhearst Cratty, to "the great lady," Grainger—both prime zombies among the living dead—the story on all levels is about people to whom dreams are more real than reality, who live as though locked in their twilight of fantasies and memories.

This is at once a marvelous and depressing tale, as lucid and total an allegory of despair as one could imagine. No one, of course, should be shielded from the agony of the down-and-outers, the has-beens, the never-make-its, the pariahs; and perhaps more than any writer in America today Purdy keeps us aware that, far from being odd or

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FERN ROOTS

the fern
has been gone
for years

but the soil
is still spongy
with its roots

I spade them

and destroy
a plant's memory
of itself

AMEEN ALWAN

unusual, such people are typical, even archetypal. But though the words are the same, the message or moral or revelation, and the predictable (but nevertheless terrifying) climax seem to me far more effective in print than on the microgroove we have at present. A story of this kind constantly assaults our sensibilities. A reader can generally temper the unbearable, the feeling of suffocation, the sense of being stifled in a number of ways: musing over ironies, supplying in his own mind the voice and image of a particular character, letting his attention wander, taking things at his own pace. A listener has it otherwise; ostensibly he is trapped. The human voice becomes not simply a transmitter and interpreter of words but a kind of force that at its most relentless can in effect produce numbness or atrophy.

James Joyce remarked that for *Finnegans Wake* he wanted the ideal reader with the ideal insomnia. Too often recordings demand a similarly ideal animal: a listener endowed both with shell-like ears and a unique tolerance for unvaryingly steady and dramatically insecure voices. What I am not too originally implying is that under certain circumstances a writer, while the most *logical*, is not the *best* person to read his own works. And in this particular circumstance I think Spoken Arts has done Purdy something of a disservice by having him record a single, inordinately long piece that takes two and a half hours to audition should one go about it doggedly from beginning to end.

Added to this, Purdy's voice is in general not exciting. It lacks flexibility, sonority, resonance, richness. It is, however, interesting, distinctive, at times effective. Natural and neutral, soft, with the faintest trace of a twang, it is curiously free of any dramatic flair or illusion, and thereby creates its own illusion. One might say that in being clear, dry, and—to mangle a metaphor—dead-pan, it complements Purdy's style, though actually one finds much more variety in the prose, far more accent and emphasis, far more rhythm and edge than in the reading. But now and again I would get the feeling that he caught the tone exactly right, that I was not so much listening to the spoken word as to the word speaking.

In retrospect, I am surprised that *63: Dream Palace* comes off as well as it does. The untrained voice naturally falls into set patterns, levels and inflections which become the bête noire—monotone. Purdy scarcely flees the snares set out for the amateur reader, but in certain scenes—especially those between Fenton and Claire—his pacing mirrors the hopeless, drained, stifling monotony of the small, boarded-up room in which the brothers live—and die. There are other characters in the novella, however, and probably the greatest failing is any attempt on Purdy's part to differentiate among them. Even such slight devices as a drop in pitch, a shading of accent, the breaking of a gait or stress, or the merest pause between narrative and dialogue would help. I realize that the aim of Spoken Arts is not to win a Tony or an Oscar, nor to turn writers into actors and commodities. But since reading does impose *some* sort of dramatic responsibility, the director's hand might have been less tentative. I have heard Purdy in public on two occasions, and I really can't distinguish between this directed reading and those done off the cuff.

Adequate readings are staple; good readings are rare; great readings are miracles. Since this seems to be the case; since, too, few readings will aid us in further interpreting the work, and even less satisfy as dramatic productions, their ultimate importance would seem to be to preserve, faithfully and as technically perfect as possible, the writer's voice saying his words. Overlong albums like *63: Dream Palace*, with its limitations, may be a bit off the mark. The flavor, intensity, register and manner of Purdy's voice would undoubtedly come across in his reading of several stories—where the attention span of the listener is easier to sustain—or in selected passages from his novels—though this last borders on the "great moments from great symphonies" idea and might be unacceptable to the purists.

What is wanted, in short, is something representative *and* lasting: the writer as reader that will make us go out and discover—if we approach it from that angle—the reader as writer.

NIGHTMARE IN CALCUTTA

a spider

hangs
from the moon/

a hairy eye

settling
on the forehead

AMEEN ALWAN

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

BLOMDAHL: *Game for Eight. Prelude and Allegro.* Stockholm Philharmonic. Ulf Björlin, cond. *Five Italian Songs.* AnnSofi Rosenberg, soprano; Hans Leygraf, piano. Angel S-36576, $5.98.

STOCKHAUSEN: *Gruppen.* Cologne Radio Symphony Orchestra. Karlheinz Stockhausen, Bruno Maderna, Michael Gielen, cond. *Carré.* NDR Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. Mauricio Kagel, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Andrzej Markowski, Michael Gielen, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 137 002, $5.98.

The Nonesuch release reviewed in these columns two weeks ago is only one of several "new music" series that have appeared during the past season. Among others, an Angel release under the rubric *Music Today*, proved less valuable than a series of the same name edited by David Drew and sponsored by the Gulbenkian Foundation, that Angel's English affiliate EMI has been presenting over the last few years. Some of these latter items have previously appeared on the Angel label, and a few others have been made available in imported pressings—although not, as yet, the very interesting Busoni-Wolpe-Dallapiccola coupling conducted by Frederik Prausnitz (HMV ASD 2388).

Oddly enough, the "British" record in the current Angel release (S-36558), containing Peter Maxwell Davies' enormously effective *Revelation and Fall* (see *The Nation*, March 3) and Roberto Gerhard's rather diffuse tape-and-orchestra *Collages*, turns out to have been sponsored by an American organization, the Koussevitzky Foundation. Also of interest is the disk listed above, devoted to the late Swedish composer Karl-Birger Blomdahl, for its inclusion of a ballet score, *Game for Eight*, that is typical of his ingenious and professionally transparent instrumental conceptions, although less substantial than the cantata *In the Hall of Mirrors* (a Swedish Radio LP recording of which I call to the attention

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ANTS

The microbes of flint dance on the stony bottom!
The geographers rush up the chalk walls,
tearing up expeditions with their finger nails.
Chilled oranges are eternal,
there will always be pineapples frozen in Arctic tents.
Here come the hosts of black ants.
We'll have to walk softly under the Pharaoh's brow.

ROBERT BLY

of our record companies). The rest of the Angel release is not on the same level: Messiaen's early, tepid *Les Offrandes Oubliées* and his recent, bombastic *Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum* (S-36559); four tedious manipulations by Xenakis (S-36560, with yet another of those liner notes that blindly and uncomprehendingly repeat the composer's opaque farrago of pseudo-musical pseudo-science); and some really appalling Pop concert stuff from Japan (S-36577), which represents nothing more than exploitation of the *"avant-garde"* catchet.

More oriented toward the European Darmstadt tradition is the Deutsche Grammophon series entitled *Avant Garde*, of which the Stockhausen record cited above has at least historical interest, the 1957 *Gruppen* for three spatially separated orchestras being something of a classic in that tradition. Although I have never found its use of directionality and noncoordinated layers of activity nearly as fruitful as the much more sophisticated and controlled techniques of, say, Elliott Carter, a certain virtuosity of sensational (though doubtless short-lived) effects is undeniable. The separation of the three orchestras comes over quite well in two-channel stereo; however, the 1959 *Carré* for four orchestras and choruses, quadrilaterally disposed, cannot be reduced with comparable success, and here the compositional detail is even more diffuse.

The Polish offshoot of the Darmstadt tradition is represented in the DG release by a string quartet record (137 001) played by the excellent if too little renowned La Salle Quartet, an American ensemble. Witold Lutoslawski's 1964 String Quartet seems to be a serious attempt to develop some degree of harmonic flexibility and variety within the usually tiresome noise- and tone-cluster vocabulary of the Polish school. Although not a sophisticated piece by the standards of contemporary American music, it does represent a considerable advance over the primitivism of its disk mate, Krzysztof Penderecki's 1960 Quartet.

BACH: *Mass in B minor.* Soloists; Weiner Sängerknaben & Chorus Viennensis; Concentus Musicus. Hans Gillesberger and Nicolas Harnoncourt, directors. Telefunken SKH 20, $17.85 (three records).
St. Matthew Passion. Soloists; South German Madrigal Choir; Consortium Musicum. Wolfgang Gönnenwein, cond. Angel SD 3735, $23.92 (four records).

By comparison with its *St. John Passion* recording, the Concentus Musicus has withdrawn a degree from its fervor for authenticity, here eschewing the use of boy soloists; otherwise, the original instrumentation and performing forces are maintained. In the Mass, by contrast with the earlier work, there is a preponderance of fast-moving ensemble passages that require a measure of virtuosity apparently not yet consistently accessible, despite the considerable skills of some individual players; as a result, the full benefits, in terms of contrapuntal balance and textural transparency, fail to accrue from the intelligently applied scholarship. At its best—say, in the *Sanctus* sequence—this recording is unique for its combination of sonic clarity and harmonic awareness (the latter doubtless heightened by the former).

A much grimmer type of "authenticity" is audible in Gönnenwein's *St. Matthew Passion*, one of those sewing-machine performances in which the only significant musical events seem to be the beginnings and ends of pieces. In between, the unvaried sameness of articulation ignores harmonic cruxes, rhythmic elaborations, phrase extensions, etc., so that all the multiplicity of detail forming the first level of structure is quietly but firmly bulldozed out of existence. To be sure, the solo singing is quite competent, the playing (on modern instruments) accurate—but "authentic style" in this music does not consist merely in the avoidance of incorrect style.

GOUNOD: *Roméo et Juliette.* Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, Xavier Depraz, Claude Calès, other soloists. Paris Opera Orchestra and Chorus. Alain Lombard, cond. Angel SCL-3734, $17.96 (three records).

DELIBES: *Lakmé.* Joan Sutherland, Alain Vanzo, Gabriel Bacquier, others. Monte Carlo Opera Orchestra and Chorus. Richard Bonynge, cond. London OSA 1391, $17.96 (three records).

The unspectacular professionalism of the best French operatic composers is ill served by the use of their works as vehicles for average big-name singers. Angel's *Roméo* repeats the Metropolitan's mistake of building the performance around two Italian singers, both of them notably inexpert in the French language. Since virtually every scene of this modestly proportioned work is built around a duet between the two leads, no amount of competence in the subsidiary roles can make up for the mauling that Gounod's carefully adjusted verbal-melodic-rhythmic complexes undergo at focal points. The tenor's metric abandon also undermines the conductor's generally admirable work, and even his celebrated tone quality is a dubious asset when viewed from the almost uvular perspective granted by the microphones.

Lakmé is less maligned by the Bonynge recording, although it is altogether a decidedly minor compositional achievement, laid over with a plethora of "exotic" harmonic, rhythmic and orchestral detail that never takes part in the main musical argument. Sutherland is on better behavior than usual with respect to rhythm and diction if not intonation, but her attempts at characterization are as absent-minded as ever; ten years of super-stardom have made her a much less interesting performer than she was as part of the regular Covent Garden company in the 1950s. The other leads are quite good, and I nominate Vanzo for the next recording of *Roméo et Juliette*; he is a tasteful, accurate and musical tenor.

Fidel Castro

by Herbert L. Matthews

The full story of the man, his political philosophy, his plans and hopes for the first Communist country in this hemisphere by the distinguished *New York Times* reporter who first interviewed him in the Sierra Maestra in 1957.

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ART/Lawrence Alloway

At the Whitney Museum you cross the bridge from the street through a sludge of leaves and blocks of ice, walk alongside a section of cyclone fence on the floor in the lobby, and have entered the exhibition "Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials." At the time of writing the ice and leaves still exist and there is no reason why they should not be renewed by the artist, Rafael Ferrer, for the duration of the show. Marcia Tucker, in the catalogue of the show which she arranged with James Monte, argues that such pieces run counter to the notion that "art creates order." This new art is one that makes "chaos its structure."

It is true that many of the pieces are loose-jointed, powdered, crinkled, random, untethered, thrown, or piled; but chaos is no more absolute than beauty. The art in the "Anti-Illusion" show is characterized by a relaxation of the threshold between the inside and the outside of the work of art, but this is not essentially chaotic. It is learnable and enjoyable. In fact, the fourth floor of the Whitney has never looked as good as it does now. As a spectacle, the area has a spatial vitality that neither Franz Kline's clenched canvases nor Helen Frankenthaler's dilated ones managed to give it. The aggregate of works, including a single rock (William Bollinger), wall-to-wall modular units (Carl Andre), smeared grease and heaped hay (Ferrer again), splattered lead (Richard Serra), or flour dust (Barry Le Va), possess the hangerlike space easily. The environmental spread of this work, done mostly *in situ*, on and for the walls and floor of the gallery, can be regarded as chaotic only if you are looking for the wrong thing, which I daresay many people will do.

The absence of rigidity, of right-angled supports, and of hierarchic relationships of big-median-small forms are not sure cues of chaos. The recognition of pattern and order is not confined to displays of Euclidean geometry. Flow mechanics accounts for the behavior of liquids and accumulations of forms have characteristic patterns of distribution. There are forms of organization beyond the canons of formality recognized by traditional art criticism. We can look, for instance, at a city in terms of City Hall and Louis Sullivan (organizational and architectural structure) or we can look at it in terms of traffic flow and demographic process. The flow and the statistics are no less structural than bureaucratic and monumental form, but custom favors the latter types of measurement.

For all the corrosion of ideals of permanence that has taken place in the art of the last twenty years, a basic requirement of the compactness of the art object has almost always been maintained. Classical aesthetics has two reasons for maintaining the integrity of art as an object. Only if a work is intact can the artist's intention be said to be fully perceived and the longer it is preserved intact the greater is the artist's "victory over time." Hence the longer an art work survives in one piece the more precious it becomes. "Anti-Illusion" reveals a shift in some artists' estimate of the value of permanence. The show is concerned with a new tolerance of expendable configurations, an acceptance of time as a source of change or of effacement.

Art has been reserved as the property of objects, defined as solids that maintained a stable form when moved from place to place. In this respect Minimal Art, with its compactness and high legibility, is as traditional as earlier forms of art. A solid retains its shape while being moved; a liquid takes the shape of its container. The works at the Whitney, or the most radical of them, take the shape of the container or, at least, exist only in this form for the duration of this exhibition. They are rearrangeable or repeatable on other occasions but not movable as solid wholes, only as components. They can be repeated but not perpetuated.

Not all the works in the exhibition are environmental in the twin sense of being made for a particular place and occupying it expansively. In various ways Andre (with identical styrofoam blocks), Bollinger, Ferrer, Le Va, Robert Ryman (abstract painting turning into house painting), Rober Rohm (a rope grid like a scaling ladder on the side of a troop ship), and Serra create objects that act centripetally, as part of the ambience. Bruce Naumann's piece is environmental, a "Performance Corridor" (you can walk into it), but pretty routine compared to his usual level of invention. But other artists are represented by works that are basically objectlike, in that our attention is directed to them as masses or areas with distinct boundaries, though, as the title of the show suggests, they are the literal sum of "procedures with materials." The absence of symbolism or illusion is hardly news in recent American art, but there are interesting extensions of sculpture and painting by Eva Hesse and Keith Sonnier. Hesse's constructions of fiberglass, rubberized cheesecloth, cloth, wire and window screen, in various combinations, and Sonnier's expanded picture formats carrying lights are especially interesting, the former for her witty use of materials unfamiliar in art, the latter for his play with paintings (things to be looked at) and lights (devices to see by).

Robert Morris is present with the only piece of conceptual or documentary art in the exhibition. It is a proposal for the Whitney to invest a sum of money for the duration of the show and to share the interest with the artist. His reason for doing this can be deduced from an article he published a couple of months ago in *Artforum*, in which he referred to culture's "hostile and deadly act of immediate acceptance of all new perceptual art moves, absorbing through institutionalized recognition every art act." Though Morris was early and influential in the field studied by Marcia Tucker's and James Monte's show he withheld his cooperation in favor of this gesture. However, from the documents on view it turns out that Howard Lipmann, a *collector*, provided the necessary $50,000 for the investment; it looks as though saying "screw you" just isn't enough to defeat the admirers' deadly friendship.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The films of Miklós Jancsó, of which the one current in New York is *The Round Up* (1965), are visually as compelling as any screen work I know. His lens produces the crystalline purity and expectancy of event of the still-camera period when the daguerreotypists were giving way to the first great plate makers (the resemblance is heightened because the background is irregular warfare; everyone remembers Brady). As a result, Jancsó is very much a part of his pictures: I feel that if my eyes were but quick enough, I could catch glimpses of him at the far edge of the image, waving his arms like an anxious shepherd and darting his head under the black cloth.

His aesthetic primer is evident: people in masses compose with wonderful grace and variety; the human vertical is totemic against the distant, flat plains; structures, and particularly interiors, gain interest as one eliminates details; frames heighten content. None of these concepts is a discovery, but Jancsó uses them to keep his quality high.

He also has a psychological position, which is that there is a great sweetness in men, but one of great fragility. Fear, pride, ambition drive them like leaves; they panic, turn treacherous, become cruel or self-destructive. This eggshell

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brittleness of individual integrity reminds me of the mistrust of character to be found in some Japanese costume films.

But all this is talk around the picture, out of reluctance, perhaps, to look face-on at a work so scrupulously talented, but which left me so unenlisted. *Round Up* is not really a motion picture, or rather it is a picture about the making of a portfolio of stills. I have a notion that if all the preliminary maneuvering were eliminated and the material reduced to the "moments" toward which Jancsó is continually striving (each of them marked by an instant of pause as assertive as a click), the work could be presented as a series of stills, with no aesthetic loss and perhaps a gain of dramatic economy. Of course, slides never achieve immediacy: they are always a record rather than an enactment. But as it stands, the film has almost no immediacy. Terrible things, pitiful and hateful things, are shown, but they are all still and remote—like engravings of Lincoln at Ford's Theatre or Charlotte Corday with her knife raised above Marat's bath. I acknowledge the information, but am not present at the event.

Except that excellence can stand a good deal of repetition, one might say that Jancsó's calculations are monotonous. He likes to move masses of people, manipulating the compositional balance as one shifts ballast; he responds to the perspective effects of small groups approaching or departing; he is obsessed by the cat-and-mouse variety of cruelty. Certainly, if one may draw conclusions from this film and his previous *Red and White*, his preoccupations dictate his subject matter. In both cases, the struggle occurs within one country (Russia in the earlier instance; Austria-Hungary in *Round Up*); in both cases the action develops around the seizure of one group of patriots by the other, and the incidents arise from elaborate, deceptive interrogations. It becomes difficult to take sides as a spectator because it becomes increasingly uncertain where the lines are drawn, and though this may be a valid view of how human relationships work out, it is not one that plays effectively.

I am troubled, too, by the fact that Jancsó seems more concerned with pictorial success than with narrative relevance or plausibility. A small military band looks exactly right when he gets it into position, but what is it doing in that place at that time? A man intent on treachery does not, except in *tableaux vivants*, peer meaningfully from face to face for his victim (in that stockade of tough peasants and guerrilla fighters, his life expectancy would presumably be short). A naked girl running the gauntlet is a memorable spectacle, but for the purpose of making her lover confess his identity it is perhaps excessively picturesque (particularly when the deployment of the two files of soldiers takes the form of an elaborate military drill).

I get the impression, in short, that Jancsó is a cameraman and scene composer of impressive talent, but that he lacks the sense of momentum and the ability to build narrative out of character relationships that a really good director needs. In short, he needs to be directed.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Twenty-five-year-old John Ford Noonan pitches wild in his *The Year Boston Won the Pennant*, presented at the Forum of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, but there is promise and poignancy in his play. The loose-jointed awkwardness of the script, the unevenness of its style, the meagerness of emotion and scenic invention in the production rob the event of some of its potential effect and contribute to an impression of obscurity. But the play is not obscure: it leaves its imprint. When and if Noonan arrives at a point of relative mastery, he may write a more successful piece; for he possesses intuitive insight and feeling—attributes rare in the new generation of playwrights who tend to repeat devices familiar in Dadaism, surrealism and the theatre of the absurd.

Put bluntly, what *The Year Boston Won the Pennant* means is that humble, naturally honest and decent folk are not only losers but are buffeted, maimed and destroyed in our society. Characters such as Marcus Sykowski, the central figure in the play, are frequently put on stage as "artists," or as lonely intellectuals, "idealists." But such embodiments sentimentalize their intended message because they posit exceptional people who, to begin with, ought to understand their lot. Noonan's protagonist is a simple man, a warm-hearted guy differentiated from the mass only by athletic ability, the kind of fellow whom we see everywhere and to whom no attention is paid.

A once renowned pitcher for the Red Sox, Sykowski has lost an arm because he refused to accept a bribe to throw a crucial game. The racketeers still pursue and finally kill him. The preliminary circumstances are never explicitly revealed, only inferred. The mystery of the severed arm is the main reason for the play's supposed obscurity.

Being a good man and thus an irrepressible *believer*, Sykowski dreams that with the aid of a prosthetic appliance (which he is too poor to buy) he may return to his former estate. He tries to earn money for this by seeking a job as caddy at a golf club. He is constantly rejected in favor of the able-bodied. At first he is mocked by his lowly companions at the club because he was once a big shot and is now a nobody like the rest of them. Still, when they decide to help him gain employment by a strike, they are too muddled to win.

A silly homosexual dilettante tries and fails to seduce Sykowski through flattery and cash. He is entirely devoted to his wife (a would-be actress) who, at the suggestion of her "manager," agrees to help by appearing on television to plead for assistance because her husband and their child have supposedly disappeared. Nothing avails; Sykowski's wife leaves him for a television star.

Incidents abound; desultory characters appear and vanish. These are sometimes puzzling because their function is not evident. In one apparently extraneous scene—arresting in itself—Sykowski

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WATCH ON MacDOUGAL

The madman on MacDougal Street
Has a head of midnight hue.
His toga is a torn white sheet.
His eyes are blue.

He walks close with a friendly sage
Who drinks hard liquor from a bag.
They dance out of another age
The Boston Rag.

They poke each other, laugh all round
At something that the landlord said.
With bright beads they will trim his mound
When he is dead.

Owl-eyed I think of carnal rape
And watch these bright birds from my thicket;
Car-trapped til six, will I escape
A parking ticket?

AILEEN GRUMBACH

in flight from his persecutors takes refuge in the apartment of a boyhood sweetheart. She is now married to a man just returned from war whom she treats with thick-skinned levity. Her husband suffers uncomprehending resentment, Sykowski inner hurt. We also learn that all this occurs while a revolution which no one seems to notice is going on in the streets.

Through the accumulation of these scenes a mood takes form: a sense of painful bewilderment in a world in which ordinary people move through an infernal maze, unaware of what is happening to them. This is the realm of the blind, a place of covered violence unillumined by consciousness. The atmosphere is brutish. The author grapples uncertainly with the monstrous creatures he has wrought. But one cannot doubt that a raw sensibility and a troubled imagination is dwelling within him and his play.

The only area in which the play's quality is realized is in the acting of Roy Scheider as the martyred ball player. The tenderness of a baffled soul, agonizingly aspiring, dumbly courageous and still clean inform Scheider's performance, which needs only the instruction of more knowing direction to make a sharper, more definitive portrait.

Having spent most of the past two weeks of theatregoing at the City Center season of modern dance groups, I look back with particular pleasure to a number based on East Indian and African mating rites called "Doougla," choreographed for the Talley Beatty Company by Geoffry Holder, and to "Shirah" as choreographed and danced by Pearl Lang.

There is a lovely playfulness in the sensuality of the beautifully costumed Holder piece, in which sex is explicit, fresh and free. This ballet stands in contrast to the cloying prurience of the sexy stuff now prevalent—a by-product, among other things, of a nasty and still immanent Puritanism within us.

Pearl Lang's "Shirah" (Hebrew for "Song") is Middle Eastern in its patterns without being "ethnic." The characteristic trait of Miss Lang's art is graciousness. This is not, as the word often suggests, a matter of decorous breeding but the essence of respect for and joy in life, a celebration of human rectitude, loftiness of thought and behavior accepted as a norm, an elevation with roots in suffering so transcended that it achieves lightness. We observe this again in another form in the final moments of "Tongues of Flame," the mottoes of which are culled from the utterances of the Biblical prophets. After the imprecations, weeping and despair of the middle section, there is a vertical leaping into the air as if a heroic spirit had at last risen like a triumphant flame, with a glow more intense from its previous suppression.

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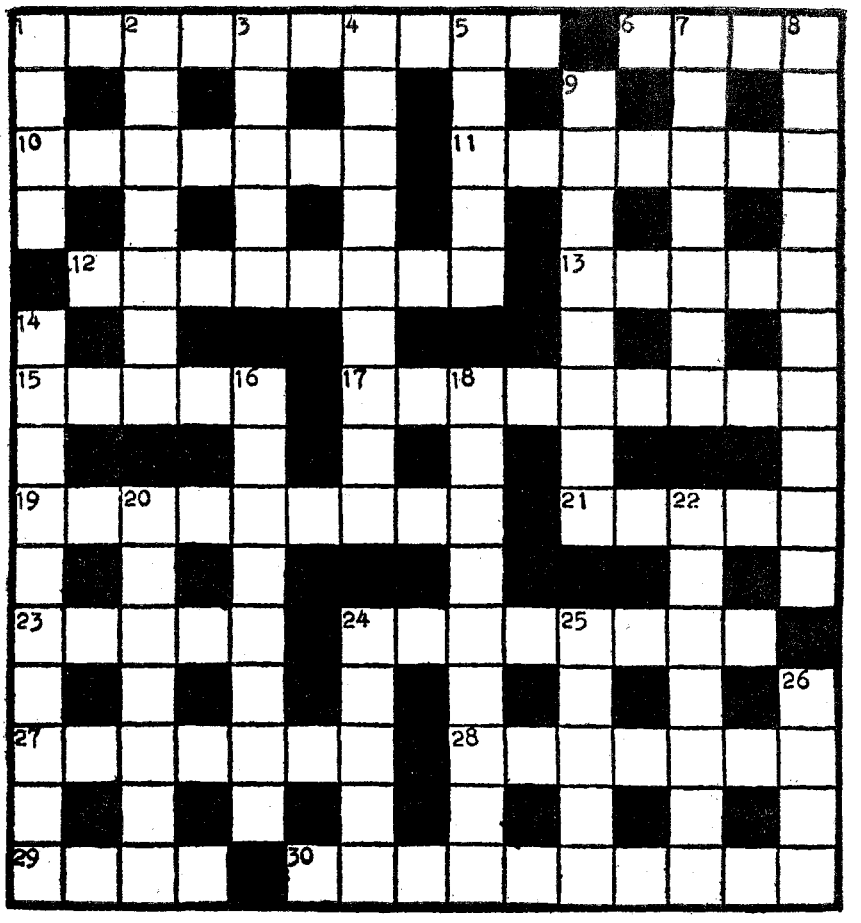
Crossword Puzzle No. 1301

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Regionally characteristic. (10)
6 Distinguished from the pushy type, legally? It's sure confusing! (4)
10 In every dark time this suggests Galahad's character. (7)
11 A bony fish to try, if lion-hearted. (7)
12 Herb made rank and rotten. (8)
13 See 5 down
15 It might show up a juggling act. (5)
17 And back in France, over and over on each side of a get-together! (4-1-4)
19 An inferior sitting position was not recommended with it, for war-time girls. (5,4)
21 If it were quiet near this city center, it would be Greek rather than Indian. (5)
23 If you find rice in it, there's a lemur around! (5)
24 Valences vary in completely surrounded groups. (8)
27 What one walks on in a round of drinks, as one asserts. (7)
28 See 16 down
29 Sailors might stand it fairly comfortably.
30 Apply the whip, in running away, as you might see by it. (10)

DOWN

1 and 3 A factor classified as being produced. (9)
2 Watching out for a rod and gun mix-up? (2,5)
4 A step Mary is responsible for, giving private money for one thing! (9)
5 and 13 across Perhaps where to find men of industry? It's already started! (2,3,5)
7 30 doesn't take steps to get equivalent punishment. (7)
8 A series, or it seems so, might have its turn at preparing part of the meal. (10)
9 One might be vaunting what the high wind does. (4-4)
14 A classical language is maintained in the crown district. (10)
16 and 28 across Possibly, if an Edward, a George, or a Henry, though pronouncedly common. (3,5,7)
18 Ditch-diggers might serve, in due course.
20 Spankers might help the boat go faster!
22 Looking suggestively at the general clique? (7)
24 A supporter of the arts, possibly. (5)
25 One might hope to find one back on Broadway. (5)
26 Bird talk, familiarly. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1300

ACROSS: 1 Vital; 4 Wiseacres; 9 Ship canal; 10 Tonga; 11 Theatrics; 12 Amend; 13 Usefulness; 17 Troop train; 21 Lotus; 22 Main brace; 23 Nyasa; 24 Nonprofit; 25 Artlessly; 26 Alert. DOWN: 1 Visits; 2 Trivet; 3 Locate; 4 Wind instruments; 5 Self-sufficiency; 6 Actually; 7 Rendered; 8 Standish; 14 Atalanta; 15 Contract; 16 Apostate; 18 Iberia; 19 Baffle; 20 Sextet.

PERSONALS

IGNORANCE IS BLISS, and YOKELS LIKE TO WALLOW IN IT

"I've got money; I don't need sense."
"Knuckle Down is the secret of success."
"Learn? What's to learn? I know how to wrap my mitts around that mazuma. What else is there to learn?"
Money rich, wisdom poor; perfect victim for pirate's lure.
Will Rogers used to say, "The trouble isn't that people don't know enough; the trouble is that people know so much that ain't so."
There are two types of ignorance; lack of information, and misinformation.
You can cure either one with study. Not study that you'll do when you get around to it. But study that's got to be done when it's time to do it.
Why not spend 2 hours in solitary study every Monday night for the rest of your life?
There's a lot you can study. The Bible, Shakespeare's works, Franklin's Autobiography, Aesop's Fables, and many other works.
Don't follow this advice. It's old stuff. It's over 20 years old, and it's lost its glamour.
Learn by trying everything. Then you know first hand how things come out. Things couldn't possibly be rigged to fool you. How could anybody fool you?
Remember Moran and Mack?
MORAN: What you been doing this summer?
MACK: We been raisin' pigs. We bought 'em for $20, fed 'em during the summer, then sold 'em for $20.
MORAN: You can't make money that way.
MACK: We found dat out.
Here's something to study:
Thou shalt not worship any other God . . . Thou shalt not fashion thee something material and consider it God . . . Thou shalt not use the name, God, in vain . . . Respect the Sabbath, and keep it apart . . . Honor thy father and thy mother; doing otherwise is moral bankruptcy . . . Thou shalt not kill . . . Thou shalt not commit adultery . . . Thou shalt not steal . . . Bear not false witness against thy neighbor . . . Covet not the material possessions of thy neighbor.

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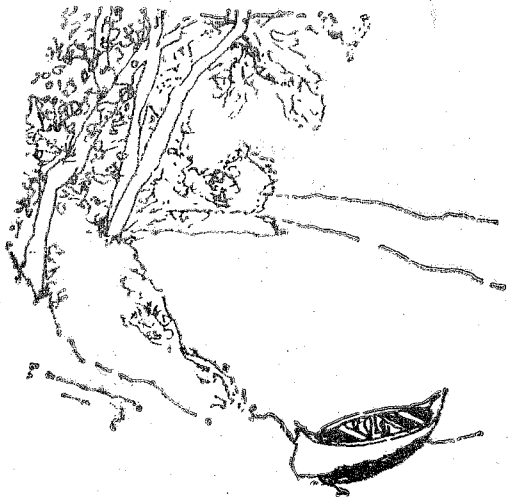

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